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KINGSLEY MARTIN: NEGUIB'S TERMS

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After the Korean Truce

REJOICING over the Korean truce must be tempered by the recognition that it marks the beginning of what may prove a long period of political, no less than physical, reconstruction. On the success of the discussions that lie ahead may depend the peace of an area far larger than Korea.

It is the task of the U.N., at the forthcoming meeting of the General Assembly and, through its delegates, at the political conference on Korea, both to find some viable plan for disposing of the Korean problem itself and to establish the conditions for a general lowering of tension in the Pacific. It is true that the agreement to hold the political conference specified only "the withdrawal of all foreign forces" and "the peaceful settlement of the Korean question" as agenda: everything else was left for subsequent definition of the appended words "*et cetera*." It is also true that Mr. Dulles has indicated U.S. unwillingness to read into "*et cetera*" anything not directly related to the internal problem of Korea. But, sooner or later, the U.N. will have to realise that the more limited Korean objectives can be achieved only within a general settlement.

What then is to be the immediate objective in Korea itself? The withdrawal of foreign troops? Free all-Korean elections? The Chinese seem to place the most emphasis on the former, the Americans on the latter. Yet, in doing so, each side is in danger of presenting its case in a manner calculated to perpetuate the conflict rather than achieve a settlement. For Communist insistence on withdrawal of foreign troops as the prime objective is surely based on the belief that, by some means known to the Chinese, a "North Korean" army, enormously disproportionate in strength to the population of North Korea, would remain when the foreigners had gone; while the Americans, in bidding for early free elections, are seeking the impossible. "Free" elections—even those on the U.N. side—would be neither free nor fair with Syngman Rhee in charge. Moreover, even supposing some way could be found of safeguarding the integrity of the ballot, the disparity of population between the two halves of the country would mean giving, by means of an election, the South Korean majority the opportunity to vote the North Korean minority into the South Korean State. While feelings run as high as they do and while Rhee remains in the saddle, that is a proposition which the North Koreans would be justified in rejecting.

No; an early unification of Korea, so often cited as a U.N. objective (but never established as the purpose of U.N. intervention) is out of the question in the short run—certainly while the situation is bedevilled by Syngman Rhee. So, we fear, is any possibility of a U.N. trusteeship over the whole country. In practice, that would mean little more than rule by the U.S. military authorities through the instrument of the existing South Korean administration. What neutral trustees could cope with a situation in which Korea was either still occupied by foreign armies, or (alternatively) dominated by Rhee's dictatorship?

For the time being, the continuance of the armistice demands that the U.N. troops stay (and so, no doubt, the Chinese too), not to unify Korea by force, but to prevent Rhee from taking it upon himself to do so. This means the temporary acceptance of a divided Korea, with the armistice lines guaranteed by Chinese and U.N. troops respectively. The more the work of rehabilitation can disregard the dividing line the better. Not only will the urgent work of relief thus be speeded up, but any functional collaboration between the two sides will help to improve the atmosphere.

So the first objective of the political conference should be a simple one: to ensure that each side is prepared to bear its share of the guarantee of the truce line *after the expiry of the ninety days*. And to establish such conditions as are practicable in which at least some all-Korean relief work can be put in hand. This first objective demands, in effect, from the U.N. efficacious and permanent arrangements to control the aggressive ambitions of Syngman Rhee: the South must be brought to realise that the new truce line is established, as the

38th Parallel was before it, by Great Power guarantee, until such time as the U.N. decides to organise all-Korean elections. But once the conference has reached this point, then the unification of the country inevitably becomes its next objective: and, in the end, it is true that this can only be achieved by free elections and the withdrawal of foreign troops.

In what circumstances will the Powers risk such a course? And in what circumstances could it succeed? Only, we believe, if the neutrality of Korea is guaranteed by the United Nations, including China. Neither the U.S. nor China will risk a total evacuation while there is any prospect that a united Korea would be incorporated into the other's defence system. But an effective guarantee of Korean neutrality could come about only when real progress had been made towards a general understanding between the Powers. Thus, as soon as the first stage is achieved, the conference inevitably faces the more deep-seated problems that are troubling the Far East. As Adlai Stevenson recently remarked, "Korea can't be settled in Korea." Once that is recognised, it becomes clear that it is for the General Assembly to authorise its delegates to go wider than the frontiers of Korea.

It is not possible to formulate in detail the headings of a Far Eastern settlement. Its skeleton might be the admission of China to the U.N. and the lifting of the trade embargo; the withdrawal of Western backing from Chiang and a U.N. guarantee of the neutrality of Formosa until its permanent future is decided: that, by way of concession from the West, and, in return, the good offices of the Soviet Union and China in furthering a negotiated peace in Viet Nam and bringing to an end the guerilla campaigns in Malaya and Burma. These matters will naturally fall within the scope of the political conference. Any attempt on the part of the West to rule them out will condemn the armies on both sides to an unending vigil in Korea, if, indeed, it does not make certain that this week's armistice is no more than an interval in the fighting.

Germany's Election Campaign

The capital which Dr. Adenauer has tried to make out of President Eisenhower's message to him is a clear indication that the election campaign in Germany, which opened last week-end, is going to have the question of German reunification as its main issue. The Chancellor was obviously nervous lest his opposition to immediate Four-Power talks should count against him; and he is now claiming that his emissary, Herr Blankenhorn, in Washington, contributed to the "Little Bermuda" decision to offer the Russians a conference in the autumn. He has now received President Eisenhower's blessing, with the assurance that free elections and an all-German Government unifying the Reich form a cardinal point in American policy. It is not clear, however, what answer Dr. Adenauer can give to the Opposition argument that the insistence both of President Eisenhower and himself that a unified Germany must be free to enter E.D.C., and should do so, constitutes a pre-condition which makes it extremely unlikely that a Four-Power Conference would reach agreement on the German problem.

The Chancellor appears to be claiming that membership by Germany of E.D.C. ought to "reassure" the Russians, since it would preclude the possibility of German forces starting an independent war. This argument, however, assumes recognition by Moscow of the pacific intentions of the West in general and of the U.S. in particular. It is by no means inconceivable that the Soviet Union might be willing to cede their control over Eastern Germany—now a dubious asset from their standpoint—at a price. But that price, so far as can be judged at present, would be German renunciation of armed forces. Most German electors are probably realistic enough to recognise this; and it is by no means certain that the Chancellor, in deliberately identifying himself with U.S. policy, can successfully defend himself from the charge of obstructing the unity of this country.

De Gasperi Defeated

Signor de Gasperi has gone down with his colours stoutly nailed to the pro-American masthead—participation in E.D.C., and support for the Schuman Plan and the Catholic Federation. When the "little" partners in the late Coalition—the Republicans, Liberals, and Saragat Socialists—one by one announced the withdrawal of their support, the position of the Christian Democrat minority Government became obviously precarious and dependent wholly on the attitude of the 40 Monarchists under Signor Covelli. When they turned a deaf ear to the Premier's last-minute appeal for their provisional support, or at least toleration, De Gasperi's fate was sealed. Though the parties lately associated in the Government abstained in the division, the Opposition—Communists, Socialists, Monarchists and Fascists—mustered 282 votes against 263 for the Premier.

What happens next in Rome? The President may ask one of the "progressive" Christian Democrats—perhaps Signor Groncchi or Signor Fanfani—to make a further attempt at restoring a Centre Coalition which would secure some measure, at least, of backing from the non-Catholic "middle" parties; but, in the course of the long debate in the Chamber, Signor Saragat gave the impression of being definitely Opposition-minded, and seemed inclined to make his willingness to re-enter a predominantly Demochristian Government conditional on the inclusion of the Nenni Socialists. Nenni's contribution to the debate, however, suggested that he would be most reluctant to weaken in any way his party's working alliance with the Communists; and any significant Leftward shift of the balance in a new Coalition might easily lead to the secession of the Right wing of the Christian Democrats. The more probable immediate outcome of the crisis accordingly is that a Right-wing Demochristian, such as Signor Piccioni, will endeavour to form a single-party Government with Monarchist support. The Monarchists' terms would be, of course, not merely a stiffer attitude in the matter of Trieste, but pledges that there would be no more nonsense about land reform. Would Signor Piccioni be able to give such pledges without the risk of losing his own "progressive" wing? There is a fluid, not to say "French," look about the situation in Rome, and the possibility of a fresh general election in the relatively near future cannot be excluded.

Odd Jobs for the Police

Three years is a long time for a Home Office Committee to spend finding out (or being told) that less than one per cent. of the policemen in England and Wales are engaged on "extraneous duties." The Oaksey Committee on police pay said in 1949 that someone ought to look into the number of constables who were town criers, debt collectors, mortuary attendants, sheep-dipping supervisors, weights and measures inspectors, polishers of brass plates and general handmaidens (so to speak) of the Welfare State. But the Committee that Mr. Chuter Ede accordingly set up in August, 1950, with police members to help with the interpretation of the word "extraneous," has clearly felt that our points of contact with the force should continue to go further than producing our driving licences or asking for bail. A citizen police force should go on providing water bailiffs, fishery officers, market inspectors, and Mayors' attendants—provided (and this would be new) the Home Secretary approves. He will hurt many municipal feelings if he disapproves of policemen delivering copies of Council minutes or serving notices under the Licensing Acts, since there is a comfortable (even if fiscally illusory) belief in Town Halls that this is good for the rates. But he may well decide that if the cherished status of the British Bobby is to any small extent attributable to this less than one per cent. of bottlewashing, the cost is not worth bothering about. The Chuter Ede Committee's curtain line might decently have been *parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.* A less tolerant Committee might have found rats.

WASHINGTON

Buridan's Elephant

A Correspondent writes: Placed between two bundles of hay, Buridan's ass was unable to make up its mind, and died of starvation. The Republican elephant is in a similar dilemma; at the end of this Session of Congress, it has failed to solve it. The Republican Party has the choice of two contradictory policies. It has maintained a pretence of party unity by pursuing neither effectively. It is anti-Communist, and it wants the world to conform to a pattern imposed by American power. It therefore responds warmly to the doctrine of "liberation." But it is also, and more profoundly, the party of hard money, economy and tax-reduction, and so it gives equally warm approval to the idea of "disengagement."

Superficially, the line of division falls between the President and the "internationalists," on the one hand, and the Taft-McCarthy wing of the party, on the other, and this impression is strengthened by the real and obvious differences between the Administration and Congress. The result, when the President lacks the will to lead, is chaos.

All this, of course, makes it extremely difficult to assess the ultimate direction of U.S. policy. It explains, moreover, why at one moment it seems that America is bent on defeating Communism even at the cost of war, and at another seems likely to leave its allies in the lurch. There is no coherent purpose: there is only the common denominator of many conflicting purposes, arrived at by bargains and trials of strength. The President believes that Europe still needs financial aid. Congress cuts one billion dollars from his "minimum" figure, and sets a date for winding up the whole programme. The Administration under-

stands that the dollar gap cannot be closed unless the U.S. imports more from its debtors. Congress, its ear cocked towards the lobbies, wants higher tariffs to protect domestic producers of everything from lead to motor cycles. Everyone unites in urging Europe to greater efforts for Defence—and unites again in reducing the pace of American rearmament to please the American taxpayer. The President talks of turning tanks into tractors, and then appoints, with the approval of Congress, Admiral Radford as chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff—after he had said that the "virtually inevitable" war with China may last fifty years.

Nothing has brought out such contradictions more clearly than the long and fumbling attempt to wind up the war in Korea. For the last six months, at least, the real obstacles to a truce have lain in Washington, not at Panmunjon. Even the treachery of Syngman Rhee was calculated in terms of its political effect in the United States. It succeeded in postponing an armistice, not because of the difficulties that it created in Korea, but because the schizophrenia in the Republican Party prevented the Administration from dealing with those difficulties promptly and effectively. The Republican Party has wanted peace without political concessions, or war, without being willing to pay the price in human and economic terms. It has therefore satisfied itself by insisting on policies that make peace impossible, war impracticable, and ensure the maximum of friction with America's allies.

It may be logical to argue that, once the Korean conflict is really over, the United States must find ways of living with Communist China. But Republican logic works differently. Any peace short of victory is a defeat, not least because it leaves China in a position to challenge Japan, and American policy in the Far East has been based upon making Japan a dominant Power which could act as bailiff for American interests.

Domestically, there has been even worse confusion, for the President has allowed Congress its head. During the 1948 election campaign, Mr. Truman made much of the record of what he called the "do-nothing" 80th Congress. By comparison with the present legislature, it was a nest of beavers. This Congress has so far made no progress on sixty-two Bills, and its legislative record is running at about twenty per cent. of that of the 80th Congress. Such legislation as it has passed has been to satisfy campaign pledges to special interests, rather than to carry out the President's programme. The Taft-McCarthy diehards, in fact, have had a field day. If the President had not been able to count on substantial Democratic support to add to the core of "Ikemen" in Congress, it is doubtful whether he could have persuaded Congress to do anything that the diehards disliked. As it is, most of the unpleasant decisions have been postponed.

PARIS

Here Also Dulles Scores

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The French Deputies who went off last week on their three months' holiday cannot feel too proud. A grand debate on foreign affairs was expected; so was a debate on the burning question of Indo-China; but all ended, as the French say, in a fish's tail. The Government thought the time "inappropriate." Why? Because "delicate" discussions with the U.S. were in progress—the classical excuse for asking the National Assembly not to wash any dirty linen in public, and for giving the Government *carte blanche*. In noting that Parliament has not discussed Tunisia since June, 1952, Indo-China since April, 1952, and Germany since February, 1952, the *Monde* remarks that "there certainly isn't another democratic country where this could have happened." In short, the unfortunate tradition, started by M. Schuman, of "keeping Parliament out of it" is still going strong.

The sheepishness with which the Deputies dispersed was all the more surprising in view of the hullabaloo there had been for days, not only in the Press, but inside the Cabinet, over Indo-China. It started, in effect, with an article by J. J. Servan-Schreiber in the *Monde* called "Blank Cheque on France." In this he accused M. Bidault of having surrendered to Mr. Dulles all along the line over Indo-China. The Vietnam war was in danger of becoming rapidly "internationalised," with Dulles determined to see it go on, with the French doing most of the fighting, and the U.S. *some* of the paying, until the happy days when one lot of Vietnamese (the good ones) could be depended on to kill off the other lot (the bad ones). A ferociously-worded *démenti* came from the Quai d'Orsay, followed by a reply by Servan-Schreiber who proceeded to quote, in support of his original story, the alleged minutes of the Bidault-Dulles talks "of which there is a copy at the French Embassy in Washington, and another at the Quai d'Orsay."

Whatever the documentary accuracy of M. Schreiber's sources, the discussion inside the Government has been precisely round the various points he raised. The diehards appear to be led by M. Bidault himself, who seems to believe in the possibility of a "final victory" in Vietnam; the largest group, comprising the "financiers," such as M. Faure and M. Reynaud, are inclined to give the "Asians-*versus*-Asians" solution a chance, in the hope that the U.S. will eventually relieve France of the greater part of her financial burden in Indo-China, even if meantime it means *slightly* reinforcing the French troops there. M. Mitterrand alone has been uttering "dangerous" thoughts about talking to Ho Chi Minh; if he has not yet resigned in protest, it is, it seems, only because a certain part of the Cabinet agree with him at heart, but cannot say so until the U.S. has officially rejected M. Bidault's request for a supplementary 200 million dollars—which would have helped out France in all sorts of ways, and not in Indo-China only. Largely thanks to Mr. Dulles, who seems to have handled M. Bidault as effectively as he handled Lord Salisbury, we are "back to normal" in France, and it may take some time before the spirit of revolt which broke out early in June re-asserts itself again.

Sir Winston and an Autumn Election

As Parliament disperses after one of the most futile sessions on record, most M.P.s are speculating whether this summer recess will lengthen into a prorogation and, finally, a dissolution of the present parliament. Difficult though successful guesswork is in this field, there are, none the less, some factors which outsiders can weigh for themselves.

First, the Labour Party is relatively in the trough. By banning the Bevanite organisation and hounding off the Opposition Front Bench Mr. Anthony Greenwood, who represented in the Parliamentary Labour Party (as his father does on the National Executive) those who seek unity without the destruction of the Left, the leadership made certain that throughout the session there was, apart from Mr. Attlee's recent foreign affairs speeches, no effective Opposition in the Commons or in the country.

Secondly, the Tories are relatively strong, thanks to Sir Winston and to Mr. Butler. Sir Winston's operations at the Foreign Office have caught the public imagination, if they have alarmed most Tory M.P.s; while Mr. Butler has produced a Budget popular with Tory supporters and, with the aid of Coronation activity and a good deal of luck, has managed to coax the production figures back to their 1951 level. Just how precarious this Indian summer of prosperity may prove to be is suggested by the urgency with which the fanatically anti-Labour *Economist* is calling for an early election.

The situation, as the *Economist* realises, is this summer at its most favourable to the Tories; and, in an ordinary year, one could feel sure that the Prime Minister would "cash in." He is, moreover, under heavy pressure to do so. The majority of Tory M.P.s favour this course, and the National Union of the local parties is said to have recently addressed him a memorandum urging an election as soon as possible. But in spite of all these pressures, and of the very considerable party gains Sir Winston has managed to secure from the Coronation and its attendant celebrations, one cannot help feeling that there are personal factors which go a long way—if not all the way—to balance them.

In the first place, there is Sir Winston's famous statement that the country needs a period free of elections. Secondly, he and some of his senior colleagues are reported to be alarmed at the damage which might be done to their cause by too blatant an exploitation of the Coronation. Thirdly, the Government will be hard put to it to have their invalids on parade in time. There is no reason at present to doubt that Mr. Eden and Mr. Macmillan will be back in their Departments by mid-October. But the public must have a chance to see them at work; and to go to the country without letting them go through their paces in the Commons is to take a risk on public tolerance. This difficulty limits the time available for a dissolution and an election before the Queen leaves for Australia on November 23. Finally, is there any reason to suppose that Sir Winston himself is particularly anxious to gather the fruits of an election for his younger rivals to enjoy? It is by no means certain that his colleagues would encourage him to remain in office after a successful election; and he seems to thrive on a situation where his own Party is not quite strong enough to discipline him, and where he can sustain both himself and, to some extent, his Administration on the good will of an Opposition which is quick to sense the differences between him and many of his colleagues.

Those who make guesses about election dates are usually proved wrong—not least because the decision is normally based on one man's hunch and not reached until the last moment. Allowing for that, the best guess at present may be that, if the decision is Sir Winston's, an election this autumn is unlikely. Should Sir Winston no longer be in a position to take the decision, the odds would very much shorten. Anything then might happen. It would depend on whose hand happened to hold the dagger and which back was exposed for stabbing.

The Hollow War

THE best thing about the Korean war has been its muted close. To find its epitaph one has only to change one word in the concluding lines of Mr. T. S. Eliot's poem, *The Hollow Men*:

> This is the way the war ends
> Not with a bang but a whimper.

For those, including Mr. John Foster Dulles, who still regard total war as a moral act—the vindication of law by the destruction of the aggressor Power—there is something shameful about this epitaph. The fact that hostilities in Korea petered out very nearly where they started on the 38th Parallel, with nothing settled and neither side defeated, is something which, in their judgment, demands apology and explanation. We do not share this view. On the contrary, we hold that the readiness of both sides to forgo some of the sacred principles for which they were fighting is an augury of a return to sanity. Had the First World War ended in 1917 with a negotiated peace which "settled nothing," the world might have been spared most of the disasters which have since come upon it. If war is at times unavoidable, then it is better for the world that the belligerents should prudently limit both its extent and their own aims. Indeed, the lesson of the Korean war is that, if we are to avoid blowing each other to pieces in this atomic age, we must rewrite Maxim Litvinov's formula and assert that "Peace is divisible."

To say this is to unseat a false god, which progressives have worshipped ever since President Wilson first outlined the idea of the League of Nations. It has been assumed that the democratic way to maintain peace is to organise a world-wide system of collective security; and it has been regarded as the mark of the reactionary to expose the difficulties and dangers of this lofty concept. Yet events have confirmed the doubts of the sceptics. Collective security can be enforced only at the end of a world war, when one group of Powers has totally defeated another and sets about the task of maintaining the unbalance of power it has created. In the 1920s, the League became a façade which concealed the French attempt to hold Germany down and the Anglo-French attempt to keep Bolshevik Russia out of Europe. The defence of international law was identified with the interests of the victor Powers and of the Succession States they had created in the Danube basin. It became in fact a defence of the *status quo*; and the League was never used for its proper function of making voluntarily the necessary concessions to the unsatisfied Powers. So these began to rectify the balance by force.

In 1944, when the United Nations was established, it looked as if the lessons of the League's failure had been learnt. Elaborate safeguards were written into the Charter to prevent the use of the new world organisation for collective security by one group of Powers against another. The threat of sanctions was used, in Palestine, for instance, to stop small wars between secondary Powers, but always with the proviso that any of the Big Five could use its veto wherever its interests were affected. Then came the cold war, and with it the deliberate attempt by the U.S. to use the United Nations as the framework for the defence of the Western world against Communist expansion. Once again, as in the 1930s, collective security degenerated into a military alliance. Such alliances may be necessary but, as Senator Taft recently reminded us, it merely befogs men's minds to dress them in the phraseology of a world organisation and to pretend that an old-fashioned war has ceased to be a war because it is called a police action.

It was only by taking advantage of the absence of the Russian delegate at Lake Success, and by deliberately twisting the definition of unanimity, that the resolution sanctioning the United Nations action in Korea was brought into conformity with the Charter. This remains true even though it was Communist aggression in crossing the 38th Parallel that induced President Truman to order U.S. troops to intervene; and we have never thought that Mr. Attlee could do other than give British support. But it is at least open to question whether anything was gained by contorting the Charter so as to give the defence of South Korea the semblance of a United Nations action. Indeed, it is arguable that the truce negotiations would not have been so endlessly protracted if the Security Council could have acted as a mediator.

To write this, of course, is to open oneself to the charge of hindsight. Very few of us foresaw how the high ideals of June, 1950, would be transformed and corrupted, first by the ghastly processes of total war, including the all-out air attack on a civil population, and then by the complex pressures of American domestic politics. But now, when the armistice has at last been signed, is the time for a little wisdom after the event. In particular, we should ask ourselves whether the United Nations has been strengthened or weakened by this first, unprecedented demonstration of collective security against, or at least in defiance of, the expressed will of a Great Power.

The answer which the sober observer must give is that the nations learn only by experience. In the circumstances of 1950, the Communist aggression and the United Nations reaction were both unavoidable and, if the lessons are digested, it will have been worth the appalling cost. The Russians and the Chinese probably believed that the Pentagon had written off South Korea and that they could pick it up on the cheap, since the U.S. was virtually disarmed and psychologically unprepared for war. By this miscalculation they plunged themselves into a costly and unrewarding campaign. Not only have they gained nothing in Korea; they have also set in motion the vast machinery of Atlantic defence, including the rearmament of Western Germany and Japan. It looks as if Stalin's successors in the Kremlin, as well as Mao Tse-tung, are determined not to repeat the mistake of using war as an instrument of policy and may be prepared to pay a somewhat higher price for peace.

It is fortunate, however, that victory has been denied equally to the West. Had the United Nations armies achieved their objective of uniting Korea under a "democratic" government, World War III would have been brought immeasurably nearer. Even had the Russians, as General MacArthur calculated, refused to intervene when he reached the Yalu River, this would only have encouraged the U.S. to use "collective security" for further acts of liberation. After victory in Korea, the next step would have been United Nations intervention in Indo-China and that in turn, if successful, would have engendered an ambition for liberation in Eastern Europe too. Now, however, as the result of the military deadlock in Korea, there is hope that both sides will give up their lofty ideological aims and accept, in the world at large, the co-existence of which the undefeated armies are a tragic symbol.

> Between the idea
> And the reality
> Between the motion
> And the act
> Falls the shadow.

The shadow has fallen on Korea.

How To Settle With Neguib

A VISIT to Egypt and talks with the responsible Egyptians and English in Cairo convince me that it will be absurd if there is no agreement about the evacuation of the British and the future of the Base. Consider first the established points of agreement. The British accept Cairo's demand for sovereignty; they are not alarmed at the prospect of the present rulers of Egypt claiming credit for ridding the Egyptian people of a foreign occupation which has continued for seventy years, in spite of some sixty-odd promises to withdraw. Unconditional withdrawal, say the Egyptians. Certainly, say the British, if two conditions are realised.

The two conditions are that the vast stores which the British have piled up in the Zone will be maintained there by British and Egyptian technicians after the combatant troops are withdrawn, and that this Base shall remain available for Middle Eastern defence. The present Egyptian Government does not object in principle to either of these demands. General Neguib and his revolutionary Junta are willing for the British stores to be maintained for the time being—especially during the period when the existence of the Base may be an important factor in the proposed Soviet-Western peace talks. They do not dispute that only British technicians are now sufficiently familiar with the highly complicated installations, the total value of which is said to be six or seven hundred million pounds. For them the questions are how many of these technicians are to remain; how soon Egyptians can take their place; and, in the meantime, to whom the technicians will be responsible.

The second question is the future of the Base after Britain's combat troops have been withdrawn. The orthodox British view is that the Canal Zone should be a permanent Nato base. But in promising to withdraw, Britain has at least tacitly admitted that this decision is Egypt's. Here there might well seem to be deadlock. If the Egyptian Government were isolationist and had decided to scrap the Base as soon as possible, British generals and politicians might argue that the risks of holding on—"sweating it out," the phrase is—would be greater than the risks of evacuation. I should not myself take this view; I should regard the total evacuation of the Base as preferable to the alternatives of holding on against a hostile Egypt—which alone would make the Base useless in war. Added to that would be the virtual certainty that British soldiers would be targets for Egyptians—there have been a few cases already—and in front of us the completely unrewarding prospect of a military occupation of Cairo. As it happens, no such choice confronts us. For General Neguib and his colleagues do not accept Nehru's arguments for neutrality. They are vehemently anti-Communist and, though they do not regard a Soviet aggression in the Middle East as at all likely, they hold that Egypt cannot, at least at this stage, become neutralist between West and East. They would be bound, they agree, to give military aid to any Arab State which was attacked, and they add that they would not be able to do so effectively without the local aid of at least one Great Power.

To devise a compromise to meet this situation is surely not above the wit of man. Britain has

military alliances with Iraq and Jordan—the two Arab States which might be thought to be most vulnerable in the event of war with Russia. Therefore, you have only to tie together the British and the Egyptian commitments to reach a formula under which, in certain circumstances, the Egyptians would acknowledge the British right to re-enter the Base.

General Robertson and General Neguib must surely reopen negotiations on this issue before long. It is not difficult to state the lines on which the Egyptians are now willing to proceed to a settlement. The two countries, as I see it, would make a joint declaration, which would be to the following effect.

First, Britain would agree, without further parley, to withdraw her combat troops from Egyptian soil. The evacuation would begin on a specified, not distant, date and we should promise to complete it within a specified number of months. The Egyptians would probably suggest six months and the British a much longer period. Perhaps they could compromise on nine months or a year.

Secondly, both sides would agree that a body of maintenance technicians, amounting necessarily to some thousands, would remain for an accepted period of time. I think the British would estimate the number of necessary technicians as at least five thousand; the Egyptians would regard that figure as too large. An arrangement would have to be worked out—and I find no pessimism in either camp on this point—for a system in which these experts, who would be living a strange eerie life in this hundred miles of desert and deserted camps—would remain under the orders of their own British Command, but that these should be known to the Egyptian authorities who would have the right to be consulted and to raise objections on all important issues. A *liaison* of this type in Cairo could work for a few years. The Egyptians would, I think, agree to such a British maintenance of the base for a period of three years, provided that Egyptians were trained gradually to take the place of the Britons.

The next point in this proposed settlement would be that the base would be available for re-entry by foreign troops in two contingencies: the first, as I have shown, springs automatically from the fact that Britain and Egypt are both committed to Middle Eastern defence in the event of aggression against Iraq or Jordan. The treaty would therefore envisage re-entry by Western troops if the Arab world were actually invaded. I should be surprised if Egypt would not in fact go rather further than this and add, as a second contingency, that she would ask for help in defence if she herself believed that a direct threat of war was being made to any Middle Eastern country. Egypt is likely also to insist on three further points: that this availability of the Base is offered in the first instance for only five years, in the hope that the dangers of the Cold War may diminish; secondly, that the Base is only used at Egypt's invitation and is not regarded as available in all Western disputes with Russia or China; and that, in the event of war, the troops of allied Powers would withdraw from her territory within three months of the end of operations.

I have every reason to hope that this outline of Egyptian terms offers expectation of a settlement. But I cannot foresee the follies of negotiators or the irrationality of public opinion. Clearly, there are legitimate grounds for discussion and compromise on all the figures that I have included here. Clearly, wrecking statements could be made by the less wise of General Neguib's team or by the less informed and more hot-headed of the blimps in the House of Commons who cannot understand the significance of the new nationalism of the Middle East. To these antiquated imperialists I would say only this. General Neguib is a man of his word and there is no reason to think that he is not firmly in the saddle and that on these matters the Junta is not today honourable in its intentions and united in its desire for a settlement. This statement is not invalidated by the demagoguy of Saleh Salem. Moreover, it must be remembered that the terms I have outlined are not easily offered by any Egyptian Government at a time when cheap popularity would be won by a simple demand to throw out the British "bag and baggage." If the present opportunity is lost the swing of opinion in Egypt will be violent. If General Mohamed Neguib is not permitted so far to satisfy his nation's aspirations, the British may wake up to learn that the last chance of compromise has gone. One Egyptian politician who did not necessarily agree with the pro-Western policy of Neguib, remarked to me that proposals of the kind I have outlined involved a heavy "moral sacrifice" for some prominent and responsible Egyptian leaders who are now willing to compromise because of the overriding need of loyalty to Neguib and his policy of unity and national regeneration. In any case I am sure that Egypt will not agree to the use of the Base without her consent; and that Powers that tried so to use it in the future would meet with national opposition which would make it as great a liability as it is supposed to be an asset. Neguib's honest desire for a settlement is not, I find, disputed in any responsible quarter. Egypt will soon cease to be the Egypt of the Pashas; and what the country will be under energetic and uncorrupt rulers, I dare not prophesy. But it may be as ready for friendship with Britain as India proved to be, once we had the sense to act as equals and withdraw our occupation.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

London Diary

THE spiritual dangers of television are much canvassed, the social ones neglected. The office boy, picked out at the Oval by the all-seeing lens when he was supposed to be at his grandmama's graveside is a corny victim, but a real one. A broadcast concert can soothe the nerves, but what of a televised concert at which you think you see your girl friend holding the hand of an unknown escort? At the Albert Hall last week sitting at the first night of the "Proms," and vaguely conscious that much of the spectacle and most of the music was reaching the stay-at-homes quicker and in more detail than it was me, I was wondering how soon some exhibitionist would drop on the idea that by buying a 2s. "Prom" ticket and taking up a strategic place 5 yards or so from Sir Malcolm Sargent's feet, one could ensure having one's face on the screens of half the homes of the country.

Perhaps such exhibitionists are rare; few people, after all, ever seized a microphone in dance hall or church in order to yell "Can you hear me, Mum?"—though that has happened. In the States, hundreds of thousands of people sit viewing, enthralled, the long proceedings of the United Nations Assembly, people who could not be got to read a word about it in print. If, as ought to be possible, the Party Conferences were to be televised, how much clearer the public mind would be on many matters it otherwise only takes in hazily. Too clear? What might not be revealed? It isn't old So and So's platform manner which is the danger, but the appalling opportunities for malicious comment possessed by the eye of a TV camera roving unregarded over the faces of the other delegates.

No wonder both sides feel a little nervous. Edited films, high-lights from the day's work, would in any case be shown in the evenings. But these would, I believe, be a far greater danger to truth, and inevitably far more tendentious than the complete "live" exposure. Looking at both sides of it, I think the good would outweigh the bad. Political education would benefit, and even the conferences themselves grow more responsible. The one less starchy and dull, the other more cautious of doing its washing in public.

* * *

Being partial to a bit of irony, I was faintly pleased by the fact that the first newspaper to be scolded by the Press Council was the *Daily Mirror*, former champion of the idea of a Press Council. There my pleasure stopped. Of course there was a touch of comedy about the sight of this fallen sister, eyes flashing with honest indignation, defending herself and leaning on Lord Beaverbrook for moral support. But I do not like scoldings by committees—or by divorce judges for that matter. (They are always putting one on the side of peccant spouses by their denunciations.) Similarly it takes a Press Council to make me love the *Mirror*. Such reproofs may raise the tone of journalism, but they are also strangely like the thin end of a wedge I reject, seeing only too well where it might lead. "The critic Hope-Wallace who has written in a frivolous way, worthy of a Hitlerite rascal, about the recent People's Pageant of Progress has had this job turned over to a committee of young people."

Censure of any sort is apt to sound pharisaical, I suppose. A "Holier than Thou" attitude may sometimes be necessary, but is not a "Holier than the *Daily Mirror*" attitude really *too* facile? Accusations of bad taste are easily made, yet about taste there can never be much useful dispute. By its own cloudy lights, the *Mirror* was probably doing what it thought right; and if to be interested in the personal lives of royalties is vulgar, then the people of England these last thousand years or so must have been an awfully common lot, what? The corollary of the passionate loyalty which makes people lie all night on the pavement in the rain is a desperate curiosity about the feelings of royal persons. The cruelty and bad taste come in the first place from a deification of the Royal Family. If you or I were editing the *Daily Mirror*, we might not have instituted a poll about Princess Margaret, but then you and I are not (though I am still open to any invitation).

* * *

Do you suffer from (or possibly with) Lassitude? Summoning our last reserves of energy, we just manage to murmur "Yes." Lassitude is our number one favourite among Patent Medicine Illnesses. It is not found on its own very often; if, it is hinted, you suffer from (or with) Lassitude, you may also have some of the other things which two tablets with water would cure: sick headache, sluggishness, "nerves," fullness-after-meals (rare disease that one), not to mention "kindred ailments," whatever those are. If possible, I am thinking of patent medicines more than usual this week because there has come unlawfully into my hands a second of those wonderful catalogues, issued by the Ministry of Health, listing the proprietary drugs which should not be prescribed on the National Health. It seems rather a shame; they have such wonderful names, some unknown even to me, God's gift to the quacks and a champion patent medicine buyer. Some of these names defy credence; they are like bad jokes made

up in aid of mineral water advertisements—especially the laxatives, which read more like fireworks: Little Earthquakes, Cheston's Chinese Marvels, etc. Unfortunately the formulae of these nostra are not given in the circular, as by law they (somewhat reluctantly) are now on the wrappers of articles themselves, often rather spoiling their magic, I think. But I am as pure a psychosomatic in this as the peasant who is cured by swallowing the paper on which the doctor has written the prescription. When I read on the wrapping "Feel the health-giving vapour easing away tiredness and irritation," I really do feel it. No dull doctor's bottle, full of *aqua chlor* and merely inscribed with my name, would have so strong a power to cure. If patent medicines and their huge encircling mythology were exploded, should we not miss their advice, their patent interest in us? "Feel croaky? Off colour? Run down? Always ailing, never ill? Now then. . . ."

* * *

Dodging away from the Embankment and making toward Fleet Street, an untimely fugitive from the glum and distant *longueurs* of that River Pageant, I caught up two nice Canadian women, with frank, fearless eyes, behind rimless glasses, and tartan skirts. They were just loving old London. "Isn't it the craziest, the way they name these places?" they said. We were passing through an alley of a dinginess it would take a Doré to depict and, yes, there it was in the boldest lettering "Primrose Hill." Has any other people in the world our talent for original and fanciful names and notices? Not the Germans, whose signs are absurdly violent and threatening, nor the French, who are too circumstantial, with dates and chatter about *MM les voyageurs*; nor the Swiss, who essay posters in languages not their own: "Leave us your luggage; we will send it in every direction." But in England all is polite, vague, yet helpful. "Fountains will play between 8 and 10, weather permitting." Does not this summon up a wonderful picture of mackintoshed citizens in a downpour turning for home with sighs of relief, sure that they will not after all miss anything? Many a slogan bites itself into the mind because of its sheer bafflingness. "Dogs *must* be carried," "No one deserves a glass of —'s Wine more than *you*," or the old geyser's "Water *must* be turned off before entering bath." This morning, as the train drooled into Paddington, I saw on a wall near the tunnel mouth "School. Engines please make as little noise as possible." Unique exhortation. The engines, smirking like schoolgirls put on their honour not to talk, glide past, letting off wild shrieks when not quite out of earshot.

* * *

Hard lines on that *Times* reporter who has been taking hundreds of fruitless bus rides trying to find annoyances; they do seem to go in batches, the irritations, I mean. Weeks when it is all smiles and decent speeds. Then, suddenly, scowls, dawdlings, hot words and violent jerks. Is it cyclic, something to do with pay packets, or sunspots? Really there should never be any trouble because the human material from which bus crews are made is surely splendid. The couldn't care less and scarcely clean type is rare. Usually, there seems a positive effusion of politeness. I never quite know at what point to start the thank-you rally when approached by a conductor who thanks me before I have even given him my fare. I usually thank him for the ticket and then again for the change, after which we thank each other in canon, like the sisters in *Cosi Fan Tutte*. Perhaps one ought to snip it clean with a "Don't mench", or "You're welcome"? (which he isn't). I must ask that wisest of social arbiters, Anne Temple. Miss Temple gets better and better. There is simply no subject on which her comment is inadequate. Who else could so brilliantly settle a problem like that of the 23-year-old sailor who last week wrote asking her if he were old enough to get married. "I believe," she replied, "that some men do find love at its best when they are young and that their love can be strong and real enough to endure." *Gaudiemus igitur.*

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

THE LIAISON OFFICER

"Our object is to give Americans . . . a chance to meet the British. We have an airman . . . who is our strong ally. I refer to Cupid." *Lord de Lisle and Dudley.*

"There are 70,000 illegitimate children of U.S. troops in Britain." *Congresswoman in House of Representatives.*

It was a lass and her G.I.,
With a hey and a ho and a hey nonny no,
Who to the green cornfields would hie,
In spring time, in ring time,
When Cupid's on the wing,
But G.I. Joe, hey nonny nonny no,
He did not bring a ring.

Anglo-American allies,
With a hey and a ho and a hey nonny no,
Are Cupid, lasses and G.I.s;
In May time, in play time,
He shoots them down in pairs,
For Cupid's bow assists Anglo-
American affairs.

It was a lass and her G.I.,
With a hey and a ho and a hey nonny no,
But he skedaddled by and by—
To Molly and Polly
He tells the same old tale,
But G.I. Joe, hey nonny nonny no,
Shies at the altar rail.

Many a G.I. with his lass,
With a hey and a ho and a hey nonny no,
Who through the countryside may pass
Leaves offspring, hey ding a ding,
As like him as can be,
But G.I. Joe, hey nonny nonny no,
Evades paternity.

For Cupid's arrow as it flies,
With a hey and a ho and a hey nonny no,
Assures no matrimonial ties.
The bad lad, the mad lad
Is always on his way,
And G.I. Joe, hey nonny nonny no,
Flies off to U.S.A.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Each succeeding baby was reared on English baby food, dressed in woollies sent out from a London store, and rocked to sleep to the music of English nursery rhymes.

This early background, allied to the fact that their mother was English, had an immense influence on Philip and his sisters.—*Woman.* (M. Reckord.)

Mr. and Mrs. —— and their two Labradors have created an atmosphere of real hospitality at the —— Hotel, Brockenhurst (licensed).—Advt. in *The Times.* (D. Frank.)

A Moldgreen man said at the Borough Court today that he got drunk because his "in-laws" took up all the visiting time at a hospital where his wife had had a baby and he was unable to see her. —*Huddersfield Examiner.* (H. J. M. Swire.)

Insert, before "Female candidates," "Reproduction Assistants."—*Proposed alteration of rules, Post Office Engineering Union.* (H. C. Woodhead.)

Davy Jones's Locker

To those who recall H.M.S. *President II*, aground on its Ararat at Crystal Palace, and recognise H.M.S. *Vernon* as a barracks anchored in bricks and mortar at Portsmouth, the idea that the National Institute of Oceanography should be on the top of the Downs in the heart of rustic Surrey may not seem incongruous. Others may think it as queer as finding a mermaid in a village duckpond. When I alighted at Witley, the station before Haslemere, I asked the way to the Institute. "Oh, you mean Davy Jones's Locker?" said the City gentleman, with his bowler, brief-case and squash-racket, who was waiting for his London train. And he directed me to the end of the platform, where a footpath led up the steep hill between hedgrows of wild roses and past a coppice where rabbits frolicked.

On the ridge of the Downs I found an austere example of Ministry of Works architecture—a belated official recognition that this sea-going nation still knows precious little about the sea. The Director, however, assured me that it was quite untrue that they could not see the sea. On a very clear day, and with a powerful pair of binoculars, it is possible to get a glimpse of the Channel from the roof; and, after all, if scientists still do not know how waves are formed, it is just as well that they should have peace and quiet to think about it. Witley is the shore-base for blue-water boffins. Many of them are just going or just coming back. The Director, who does not pretend to be a sailor, has been nine times round Cape Horn and will go again—when his wife lets him. At the moment he is finding that mathematics are more useful than a tow-net.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that the nearest "expanse" of water is a Metropolitan Water Board reservoir, but that can be turned to good account in the measurement of the interaction between the air and the surface layers of the water. The ripples on London's drinking water may seem as remote in significance as they are in distance from the giant rollers which buffet *Queen Elizabeth* in mid-Atlantic, but they can explain a good deal that is not yet known about waves. It is a humbling thought for British scientists that, when the success of the Normandy landings depended upon the behaviour of the sea, it was found that scientific facts about the development and movements of waves and swell were practically non-existent. While information about tides was exact for any part of the world, the knowledge of waves which was available had been got from visual observation and not from exact measurements or from any real study of the physics of the problem.

Before the war, I knew a scientist who needed this kind of information to assist in ship-design. The only way he could get it was by going off in various types of craft over the various routes. He was prone to seasickness—"prone" is the word—and made his observations from his bunk. Today, there are more humane ways of finding out. Wave-recorders and wave-analysing apparatus do the job automatically. Ocean currents can be measured from an arm-chair. Instead of having ships anchored to measure the effects of wind on the flow of water through the Straits of Dover, the National Institute, with the help of the Post Office, has devised a method by which electrical instruments attached to the telephone cable, which lies at the bottom of the Straits, can measure reliably the movement on the surface.

The localised problem of the Normandy

Beaches was relatively simple, but it provoked more questions than the scientists could answer. And so, after the war, the National Institute was proposed by the Government's Scientific Advisory Committee and came about by a combination of the interests of the Admiralty, the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research and the Colonial Office. Its main concern was to be the physics of the oceans; for, while a great deal of attention has been given to marine biology (because zoologists find in the sea the oldest and simplest forms of life) mathematicians, physicists and chemists have (apart from the tides) neglected their aspects of the sea. And with it two-thirds of the Earth's surface.

This is all the more inexcusable because the world beneath the sea has so much to tell the world above it. In it much of the origins of this planet and of life upon it have been preserved. Mountains, as we know them on land, are mainly broken, eroded stumps, like teeth worn down almost to the gums; but beneath the sea there are similar ranges, like the Great Atlantic Ridge, stretching between the two hemispheres, which have not been exposed to the rasp of the rain, the scouring winds and the riving temperatures. There are deeps—like the Mindanao Trench off the Philippines—which go down six-and-a-half miles, 3,500ft. more than the height of Everest. These deeps penetrate into the crust of the earth, and into its geological nature, far further than any surface-borings.

Then there are fantastic submarine landscapes which echo-soundings are only just beginning to etch. The echo-charts still provide no more than Ptolemy maps of the world beneath the sea—some facts and a lot of guesses—but they confirm the existence of great canyons cut by rivers like the Congo and the Indus, and by rivers which have long since disappeared from the land-surface. They tell of a great under-water barrier reef stretching from Greenland, by Iceland and the Faroes, to the North of Scotland To this we owe our moderate climate as much as to the Gulf Stream.

Because the coldest water sinks to the bottom and is dammed by the ridge, it prevents the densest and coldest waters of the Arctic Ocean from entering the North Atlantic. If that barrier did not exist, the Arctic bottom waters would chill the Gulf Stream, that current from the cauldron of the Gulf of Mexico.

Benjamin Franklin in 1790 first published a chart of the Gulf Stream and showed how ships could save two weeks on the passage to Europe by sailing with it. Work is still going on. Recent findings by U.S. and Canadian oceanographers, near Cape Cod, have shown that in the fastest part of the current the speed is between 4 and 5 knots. Similarly, the Humboldt Current which carried the *Kon Tiki* expedition from Peru to Polynesia is of more than academic interest. But there are other and greater water movements like the Antarctic Bottom Current which, unrestricted by the kind of ridge which hems in the Arctic waters, makes its influence felt as far North as the Bay of Biscay. Upon these currents, still to be fully studied and explained, depend many things—weather, and winds and the problems of fishing grounds. For it is the mixing of currents along the submarine shelves which decides where fishermen will find their catches and explains the shifting of the Northern fishing grounds.

Until oceanography plays its full part, the weathermen will always be at a disadvantage. Meteorologists have told the oceanographers more than they have learned from them, because the study of the exchange of energy between sea and atmosphere is still at an elementary stage. Significant material is being accumulated at the National Institute, but a great deal of research and experiment will have to be initiated. And this kind of physics is the Cinderella of university sciences and attracts only a handful of students.

Incorporated in the National Institute are the whaling researches of the Colonial Office, which were once financed (as the *Discovery* and *William Scoresby* expeditions) by a levy on the Falkland Island whaling industry. And there, on the Downs, one finds men who have spent long periods in the Antarctic and have filled volumes with exact information. They still collect records and material from the Antarctic and advise the delegations to the international whaling conferences. Indeed, if we knew as much about the food and feeding habits of deep-sea fish as we do about the *zooplankton* on which the whales feed, we might begin to turn fish-hunting into fish-husbandry. For the truth is that, as far as our sea-food is concerned, we are still in the Cave Man period, or, at least, in the days of the Patriarchs before men became cultivators and properly domesticated their animals.

A century ago, Admiral Smyth, President of the Royal Geographical Society, foresaw science and practical seamanship reducing the elements to subjection and science advancing over the sea as over the land. When the Unesco Joint Commission on Oceanography meets at Liverpool in September, it will show that, even with the recent *Albatross* and *Galatea* deep-sea contributions to deep-sea knowledge, and with all the devices of electronics, seismology, gravimeters and so forth, the Admiral's expectations are far from fulfilment.

Of about two-thirds of our planet, we know practically nothing. Physicists and chemists and metallurgists might consider the interesting problems and vast resources which they have neglected. Those who say there are now new continents to be opened up for food might turn their attention to the marine meadows and piscine prairies and realise that all the oceans of the world at the moment yield only 10,000,000 tons of food a year. Youngsters who sigh because they have been robbed of Everest, or who think of Space Ships and of seeking other planets, might stop and think of the still unexplored depths of knowledge still unplumbed.

RITCHIE CALDER

Canada Polls

(By a Canadian Correspondent.)

CANADIAN tradition prefers an autumn polling day, and all sorts of ulterior motives have been imputed to the Liberal Government for their unusual choice of August 10. Businessmen will be on holiday, thereby lightening the Conservative vote. Workers will be too hot, or out of town, and the C.C.F., Canada's democratic Socialist party, will suffer accordingly. The farmers will be too busy with the harvest to register their hypothetical protest vote; or, according to another Tory criticism, they will not yet have felt the full impact of lower prices for farm produce. All these accusations underline the fact that public apathy favours the Liberals, and that it is likely to be at its height in the hot weather.

The Liberals have been in power for two decades. Their great achievement has been to win the sufficient, though never complete, confidence of both French and English-speaking Canadians. The Liberals have also given the country a practical and effective government, almost doctrinaire in its moderation, and offering a successful demonstration of how to lead a regiment from behind. A judicious mixture of social security and stimulus to private enterprise, administered by a first-class civil service with mild Keynesian leanings, has allowed Canada to become the world's third trading Power, and has deprived the Opposition parties of any obvious economic issues on which to criticise the Government. Moreover Canada has today a foreign policy, and a foreign service, of which her citizens are quietly proud, and other countries discreetly envious.

The Progressive Conservatives have suffered from a wasting sickness since they last held power in the early Thirties. Now accounting for only a fifth of the total membership of the Dominion Parliament, the Tories are petulant and rather ineffectual after so long in Opposition. Their men are untried and their traditions are outworn. Historically they stand for English as against French values, but their stand against devolution in the Commonwealth is years out of date. Various attempts, inspired by a hard-headed group of "modern" businessmen in Ontario, to imply that a businessmen's government in Canada will understand and be understood by a similar government in the U.S., have turned out to be ill-timed. The general trend of Canadian opinion at present is nationalist, which in the context of 1953 implies a tacit revulsion from the economic and diplomatic influence of New York and Washington. Finally, the Tories lack leadership. Their present leader, Mr. George Drew, is personable, reasonably popular in his native Ontario, and suspect everywhere else. His party is perhaps evolving as a champion of Provincial against Federal rights, but creatively Mr. Drew has not much to offer the electorate.

The C.C.F. has travelled far—to the Right—since it enunciated Canadian Socialism in the Regina Manifesto. Conceived in a depression, it has never adjusted itself to prosperity. North American capitalism has shown a vital capacity for expansion, and has cut much ground from under its critics. Today Canada has, in effect, two C.C.F. parties. A small group of irreconcilables asserts bravely that prosperity isn't there, or alternatively, won't be there by breakfast time tomorrow. The first contention is so plainly preposterous, that the real importance of the second is derided. Meanwhile, the bulk of the party has despaired of interesting Canada in Socialism until the stars in their courses bring back bad times. The party forms the Government of Saskatchewan, and the official Opposition in British Columbia. These local footholds could eventually form the basis of a national recovery, if the movement can develop the facilities for research and planning which it at present lacks, and if it ceases alienating its best minds by apparent fear of its own Socialism.

Social Credit, as a party of protest, has the mystical self-confidence that the C.C.F. lacks. It also purports to draw its inspiration from the Bible, which is a source-book more familiar to Canadians than the publications of the Fabian Society. Holding power in British Columbia and Alberta, where the older parties are weak, it is gaining in Manitoba, and has entered Ontario. It can work with the Conservatives up to a point, and its immediate ambition is to hold the balance of power by supporting a Conservative minority Government. In the long run it seeks nothing less than office at a national level.

In Quebec, on the fringe of national politics, is M. Duplessis and his Union Nationale. So far he has found it expedient to attack the Liberals but to refrain from carrying the offensive to Ottawa. This situation is tacitly accepted by the Dominion Government as the price of office and of national unity, and is likely to continue. It is

possible that the local influence of M. Duplessis is on the wane. In the long run, as industry develops in the Province, the farmers' vote, which is solidly for Duplessis, becomes less powerful, and the industrial centres are more liberal in sentiment.

The issues on which the election is being fought are a mixed bag, some with and some without merit. First and foremost is the cry of "efficiency and economy", dear to Conservatives everywhere. Mr. Drew has promised to reduce government expenditure and taxation by the round figure of $500 million, and this without encroaching on Defence. M. St. Laurent, with some reason, has replied that this could be done by abolishing the Departments of Agriculture, Citizenship and Immigration, External Affairs, Mines and Technical Surveys, Public Works, Resources and Development, Trade and Commerce and Transport, but not otherwise. Watching Mr. Eisenhower's faltering attempts to fulfil his promises of economy, Mr. Drew must regard with mixed feelings the prospect that the electorate may ask him to implement his own.

The Liberals, on the other hand, offer little in the way of doctrine or inspiration as a guide to the future. They base their hopes of another victory on apathy and a record of very successful pragmatism. It is this pragmatism, operating as the mainspring of policy, which explains the threadbare nature of the election campaign. There are many serious problems confronting Canada. One is the future of Quebec. Another is foreign policy, where Mr. Pearson is leading public opinion steadily away from the theories propounded by Mr. Dulles. The framework of social security is cumbrous and incomplete. The country is defenceless against the recession which many economists predict for the United States within a matter of months; the drop in lead, zinc and lumber prices has already converted last year's favourable balance of payments into an alarming deficit on current account. Perhaps most important of all is the question of Canada's natural resources, the pace at which these are to be developed, and the degree to which foreign capital is to be welcomed in developing them. Yet these matters, all of fundamental import, have been touched on, if at all, only generally and peripherally by any of the parties.

National Theatre

THE National Theatre movement has always assumed the need of a new theatre building in London. In present conditions is this really necessary? Is it even desirable?

It all started in 1848 when a Mr. Effingham Wilson published two pamphlets in which he suggested that a theatre should be built by national subscription for the performance of Shakespeare's plays. Its seats, he said, should be sold "at such reasonable charges as shall be in the reach of all"; the best company of actors should be "constantly retained"; and the theatre should be run by trustees appointed by the Government.

So the campaign, which during the next hundred years steadily grew in pace and vigour, was launched. Immediately well-known public figures, including Dickens and Kemble, supported Wilson's proposals. Later Matthew Arnold, Shaw and most of the leaders of the dramatic and literary world marched, with varying degrees of enthusiasm, behind the National Theatre banners.

The movement developed into a coherent and organised campaign with the publication in 1904 of *A National Theatre*, by William Archer and Granville-Barker. Here the case was set out by men who tempered visionary enthusiasm with a detailed knowledge of the financial problems involved. The National Theatre had come down to earth as a practical proposition. Although the book was privately issued, it had a profound effect on opinion far outside the dramatic world. The young Winston Churchill, for instance, in a passionate speech in 1906 said:

> Think how money can always be easily obtained for any purpose involving the destruction of life and property; think with what excitement and interest people witness the construction and launching of a dreadnought. What a pity it is that some measure of that interest cannot be turned in the direction of a launching, say, of a National Theatre. I look forward to some time when that reproach upon us will be removed.

Influential committees were formed; conflicting policies of rival groups were thrashed out; the proposal was discussed in Parliament; £70,000 was raised in appeals, and finally a site was bought in South Kensington.

Although the noise of the conflict was often confused, there was general agreement about the basic principle. The British theatre should be released from its total bondage to commercial interests so that there should be some place in London where the plays of our great dramatists, Shakespeare in particular, performed by the finest companies, could always be seen. As this obviously could not pay, it would have to be supported by a public subsidy. It is important to note that in Granville-Barker's words "the most useful of all its functions, perhaps, will be that of supplying an incentive and model to similar enterprises in provincial cities. . . ."

The triumphant climax of a century's endeavour came shortly after World War II. The Old Vic had been bombed, and was not expected to re-open. The layout of the South Bank was under urgent consideration. In 1946 the Trustees of the Shakespeare Memorial Trust and the Governors of the Old Vic agreed to amalgamate as soon as a National Theatre was built. The L.C.C. offered to provide land on the South Bank in exchange for the South Kensington site. But they wanted an assurance that the necessary funds to erect the theatre would be forthcoming. Early in 1949, Sir Stafford Cripps introduced a Bill authorising the Treasury to give £1,000,000 for this purpose when economic conditions permitted. The battle was won. An architect was engaged and the Queen laid the foundation stone of the new building.

In view of all the idealism and enterprise devoted to bringing this worthy cause to fruition, its veteran protagonists may consider it ungracious if one asks at this late hour whether, under existing conditions, their broad objective will in fact be in any way assisted by the erection of a special theatre in London. The situation was completely altered by the re-opening of the Old Vic in 1950. For the Old Vic is, except in name, a National Theatre. It has a permanent company playing classic repertory. It is subsidised from public funds and controlled by trustees. Its seats are priced low. It has gained for itself high esteem in the Commonwealth and in Europe. Moreover, it is a natural growth and has acquired through the years a great tradition. And its home, although not perfect, arouses memories and associations which call forth a deep emotional response from all devotees of the serious theatre. Is there, then, any point in erecting another theatre, of approximately the same seating capacity (for that is the plan) a few hundred yards away?

If it is to duplicate the work of the Old Vic it may well become a white elephant, for it is doubtful whether two such permanent repertory companies would attract sufficient public support. What a waste that would be of a unique site—and of the resources of the Arts Council. Or if it is proposed to spend £1,000,000 merely to transfer the Old Vic Company to a new luxury home nearby, would that really be worth while? Indeed, might not such a transfer destroy the whole spirit of the Old Vic? Would leading players be willing to work there as guest artists, for a fraction of their West End salaries, as they do today in the Waterloo Road? It cannot be said that London is in such urgent need of a new theatre as it was of a concert hall. There are fifty theatres in Central London, some of which, through lack of tenants, are closed for most of the year, and some are used wholly for other purposes.

There are, on the other hand, scores of repertory companies throughout the provinces, in Scotland and in Wales, striving to do fine work under the most difficult conditions. They nearly all lack funds for equipment, for adapting existing buildings to theatrical purposes, and, above all, they lack the financial security on which they can plan their activities ahead. Here is a great opportunity for vitalising British drama. If the £1,000,000, instead of being spent in the erection of a new theatre in London, could be spread over a number of years for the stimulation of local repertory companies, and the encouragement, maybe, of local dramatists, then indeed the money would be well spent. And if an attractive and ambitious scheme to this end were drawn up by the Arts Council, local authorities might be willing to provide additional moneys under the permissive powers granted them by the 1948 Local Government Act.

It is for experts to work out such a scheme. Only an outline can be suggested here. The country might be grouped into areas and each group made the responsibility of one of the present outstanding repertory companies, such as those at Birmingham, Glasgow, Liverpool and, of course, Stratford-on-Avon and the Bristol Old Vic. The sponsoring company would see that the money was well spent, and the maximum integration and interchange brought about. At the apex of the grid would be the Old Vic itself with its organisation adapted for the purpose. Its famous dramatic school, recently closed through lack of funds, might be revived and some small part of the £1,000,000 spent on improving the equipment and facilities of the theatre. It is by such means and not by wasting money on a new theatre in London that the dreams of the National Theatre pioneers would be fulfilled.

GEORGE STRAUSS

Harvest Home

"BEAUTIFUL old barn you've got there," remarked the hiker. "Maybe, but I wish it was a beautiful new one," answered the farmer. The hiker, thinking of the sudden irruption of reinforced concrete and asbestos-cement into the green and organic countryside, winced. The difference in opinion was manifest.

Physically, of course, the hiker was right. It *was* a beautiful old barn. But the point was irrelevant. The farm is its own place and it sets its own severely functional standards which take no account of appearances. The farmer with sounder instinct knew this and therefore judged less superficially. For essentially the barn is no more than a "static tool" designed, like most other things in the economic countryside, to serve the men who serve the land. But agriculturally it is a historical relic, a sort of structural fossil which carries into the modern

world the imprint of a long-dead farming technique. It is, in short, an obsolete industrial building, even as the stage-coach is an obsolete form of wheeled transport. As a matter of fact, they both went out of service about the same time. It is a mere accident of material that one survives and the other does not.

The barn began life as a storehouse and processing-shop for the old corn-growers in the days when Englishmen grew their own bread. And the key to its peculiar design is the flail, the laborious hand-tool with which our ancestors separated the grain of their harvests from straw and chaff. Hence, for instance, the amount of storage-space for the bulky sheaves and straw, hence the central floor on which the corn was laid for beating, hence the great doors which were pinned back at thrashing-time to create the draught which divided the cast chaff from the heavier grain. But no man living has seen one of these old barns used for their original purpose. Machinery came early to agriculture and it was in the days of George III that the engineers of the New Farming first devised the power-driven thrashing tackle which sent the flail down into history and with it the *raison d'être* of the old barns. New processes demanded new workshops and by the 1870's, when the change was complete, Caird was but one of those who lamented the wasted capital sunk in the huge barns which had outlived their function. The hiker was admiring a building which was obsolete long before he was born.

Indeed, by his time the tool which rendered the barn obsolete was itself being ousted by another tool more radical in operation, more drastic in its consequences. For the Victorians did not so much mechanise the corn-harvest as delegate specific parts of it to machines. It was true that their mechanical reaper-and-binders drove the sicklemen from the field even as their mechanical thrashers had driven the flailers from the barn. But the farmer still continued to part-dry his corn by exposure to wind and sun in the familiar wigwam "stooks" and then store it either in a building or in that temporary, farm-made structure we call a rick. And this set of operations was not mechanised. The stooks were still piled by hand, the sheaves were lifted by hand on to a cart and then built by hand into the rick which was then thatched by hand. Later, perhaps only a few weeks later, this rick was dismantled, thereby destroying the thatcher's work, and the sheaves fed to the thrashing machines. Indeed, the older routine of harvest is a curiously wasteful process. Every sheaf is man-handled five times and from every acre of corn a deadweight of two tons or so is raised, generally by manual effort, to an average height in the rick of some four feet, from which it is later returned to ground level. Many townsmen of this present generation will recall from aching experience that the older mechanisation of the corn-harvest left a good deal to human muscles.

The engineer of the nineteenth century, in short, lightened the farmer's harvest-load. But his successor in the twentieth century went further. He consolidated the inventions of his predecessor into one unprecedented machine and in so doing altered both the routine and the appearance of our harvest fields. The agent of this change was the combine-harvester, a machine of Wellsian complexity and primeval outline, which eats its way through the standing corn, cutting and thrashing as it goes and excreting the straw behind it on to the land it has stripped. Great was the saving in harvest-labour, great the saving in harvest-cost. To take a typical set of figures, the reaper-and-binder and threshing-drum cost some 20 man-hours and £4 in cash to convert an acre of cereal-crop into grain and straw; the "combine" costs only 8 man-hours and £2 15s. 0d. But these economies are purchased at heavy capital cost and the combine, originally designed for the vast harvest-lands of the New World, was slow to establish itself over here in the depression-times when money was scarce and wages low. The first of these machines was imported in 1928 and by 1939 there were still only 150 of them in the country. Here, as elsewhere, however, the war underlined the obvious and as the demands on the corn-grower increased and man-hours grew in value the number of combines rose to 1,000 in 1942, to 3,000 in 1945 and 9,000 in 1949. By the harvest of 1952, some 16,500 of them were at work in England and Wales and half our corn-fields never saw a reaper-and-binder. To the casual observer, therefore, the combine had completed the process of mechanisation begun in George III's time. But in this the casual observer would be wrong. There is more to farming than field-work.

For the combine delivers the crop as grain, not as sheaves of unthrashed corn, and therefore eliminates the rick from the routine of harvest. But it does not eliminate the needs which the rick met. On the contrary, it increases and intensifies them. For the rick is more than a picturesque object on the landscape, it is an ingenious form of aerated store which both protects and dries the corn it houses. But the combine neither dries nor stores the corn it cuts. It merely wins a sudden mass of grain which always needs storage and, under the climatic conditions of this country, frequently needs drying as well. Now, this is essentially a farm problem. The warehouses of the merchants and millers were designed for the steady flow of grain from the ricks of the older order which the farmer thrashed at his leisure in the winter months and, despite expansion, they cannot cope with the new and ever-increasing flood of grain at harvest time. Once more, therefore, the farmer has turned to the engineer, who has produced equipment of a type never before seen on a British farm, driers of various shapes and sizes to rid the grain of surplus moisture, huge bins to hold it and cunning conveyors to move it cheaply from place to place. The combine, true to its inorganic traditions, has sired a sort of mechanical rick, a complicated plant not unlike a miniature gas-works in appearance, which generally lives in a crudely appropriate type of industrial building. Sometimes, however, it can be fitted conveniently into one of the old barns, thereby restoring the grain-job to its ancient home. But in this there is no symbol of continuity. It is mere coincidence that the measurements required by the flailers of the eighteenth century suit the engineers of the twentieth century. Modern needs have taken over a building which was no longer serving any useful agricultural purpose.

The moral of this painfully technological story is both clear and general. Functional needs and functional needs alone called the barn into existence, and only in functional terms is it comprehensible. It is no more than a pleasing chance that its design and materials happen to appeal to our senses. There is no evidence that the original barn-builders inherited some mystic aesthetic tradition which we have forgotten. On the contrary, there is evidence that some at least of their work jarred the artistic susceptibilities of their own time. But though the "mere convenience" of the fine new barn with which Mr. K. from the Midlands "violated the rural modesty" of the Lake District meant little to the infuriated Wordsworth, it meant much to those who farmed and governed contemporary England. To them this "mere convenience," when generalised into "industrial efficiency," was a matter of life and death. The men of the New Farming, to whom we owe so many of our barns and so much of our countryside, were also the men who beat Napoleon, and they were more concerned with bread riots than beauty; you will find a lot about output, little about amenity, in the writings of, say, Nathaniel Kent, Marshall or Young. Indeed, it is significant that two of the most conspicuous "improvers" of this period, who strove to combine scenic art with agricultural efficiency, came to grief in the process, Loudon the land agent losing his job and Johnes the landowner losing his money. Rural England, of which the barn is part, may have been influenced on occasion by the elegant principles of the landscape gardener, but it was *made* by the technical demands of the farmer.

By all means, therefore, let us enjoy our heritage. But let us clear our minds of cant; we are judging what we see by our own particular standards in our own particular time. The barn itself belongs to a different world and acknowledges different criteria. For agricultural reasons was it built; for agricultural reasons was it abandoned or used for purposes for which it was not designed; for agricultural reasons has it on occasion been refurbished; and, by the same token, for agricultural reasons should it often be condemned. The farmstead is too important a workshop to be cluttered with obsolete tools, and every hour wasted in the operation or maintenance of an inefficient building takes something from the national larder, from your plate. Many of these old barns, it is true, still manage in various ways to pull their economic weight on the farm. But many do not, and in the aggregate they cost us a good deal of food. Here as elsewhere, therefore, we pay quite a heavy price for our picturesque countryside. Our children, who by all the signs will be hungrier than we are, may wonder if we were wise to afford it.

NIGEL HARVEY

False Pretences

IN the excursion-coach from Arles, all my fellow-tourists were French, except for a young Canadian with an expensive camera. "I'm going around Europe," he told me, "but so far I find it disappointing." On the seat next to me was a bright-eyed lady of middle-age who lived in Lyons. She was eager to talk. "I am a widow, and have been left a small business," she explained. "It is in the hands of a capable manager, so I enlarge myself by *tourisme*. In Perpignan I have done ten excursions. I feel I know the Pyrenees. What excursions have you been taking?" I told her I had been living with gypsies in the Camargue. "The gypsies?" she said. "I envy you; I am such a gypsy myself." She looked neat, clean, alert and business-like.

The bus set off. First we visited the ruined monastery of Montmajour. "Founded by the Benedictines," said Madame Pinaud, the excursionist. "I know much of this order. Do not pay too much attention to the guide. She is not certain of her facts." The Canadian tried to take some photographs, but gave it up. "Light's poor in these places," he said gloomily, repacking his instrument. Then Fontvielle and the windmills of Alphonse Daudet. Then sun wasn't behaving well, and the Canadian got rather cross. "This is the darnedest windmill," he said. Yet one

could have written happy, uncomplicated letters from such a mill, looking down on a valley smiling with dreamy shadow-play: it was one of those moments when one regrets whole areas of life. Mme Pinaud asked the curator a host of questions. Did Daudet live in the windmill and work the machinery himself? "No, Madame," replied the curator. The excursionist looked disappointed. "I don't think he knows," she whispered to me, "It's amazing how they get the jobs. Family influence."

We drove on. The driver pointed to a hill whose top was ravaged with ruins, toast-coloured against the thirsty green. "Les Baux," he shouted. "I've been here before," said Mme Pinaud, "from another direction." We got out of the bus and made for the castle. There were a few arty shops selling souvenirs, and a hotel with a view, but the village had side-stepped time. It was a charming nightmare. Richelieu had smashed it, and was still smashing it, threatening the curio-shops and the tourist rackets. "Here," said the guide, "is where the world's sweet and dangerous dreams were born." Jeanne des Baux, Laurette de Sade, Phenette de Gautelmi. . . . On the other hand there was Raymond de Seillens who killed his wife's lover, Guilhelm de Cabestan, and made her eat his heart. "Where precisely?" asked the excursionist. The guide shrugged his shoulders and waved vaguely. "None of you can understand Les Baux," he said dispassionately, "unless you have stayed here many days and many nights. The nights of Les Baux are like nights nowhere else. I wait for the night." He may or may not have meant it.

I wandered among the ruins. In the distance lay the haze of the Camargue where I had come from. A gigantic blond man was walking towards me from a great distance. When he got closer I recognised him as the sort of Wandervogel who haunts ruins and beauty spots, living on tourists. "Excuse me," he said, approaching me with a bow, and extending a tin in his hand, "But I have something to interest you . . ." I declined with thanks and walked away among the ruins. I climbed a parapet and could see a figure scrubbing about in the turf. I could recognise Mme Pinaud. When I got back to the bus, she waved to me and showed me some dubious Roman coins. "I must tell you truth," she said, "I got these from a German professor. An excavator. He charged me very little. I think it is important to have a tangible memento of such historic places." We waited half an hour in the stuffy bus for the Canadian. "The light is too monotonous," he said to me, "It is better in Norway."

We drove to Glanum-les-Antiques near St. Remy, where the exquisite mausoleum of the Roman Princes stands, topped by the statues of Caius and Lucius, forever caged in a cupola. But the excursionist was eager to get somewhere else. "We must go to St. Paul-de-Mausole," she said, "I read about it. It is where Van Gogh died. It's just up the road. Come along." The Canadian joined us, and we hurried up to a building which turned out to be a kind of hospital. Mme Pinaud plunged straight in, down a corridor and into a kitchen, frightening a group of religious sisters. "She's like a bloodhound," said the Canadian with an embarrassed laugh. "Can you tell us anything about Van Gogh?" she asked a small, wrinkled sister, speaking with urgent reverence. "Who?" asked the sister, nervously. "I have come all this way for Van Gogh. I am immensely interested in all to do with Van Gogh. He died here." "But he didn't die here," murmured the sister. "Then he cut off his ear, ma soeur?" At that moment a shriek pierced the stone walls, and one of the sisters ran out of the room. "What was that?" asked the excursionist. "A poor unfortunate," said the sister. "This is now a hospital for mad ladies. We are the sisters of St. Joseph d'Aubenas. Just outside on the left you will find the pavilion of Van Gogh. Someone will show it to you." "Come," cried Mme Pinaud, and rushed out of the building again. "I read that many of his paintings are here. Just think. The paintings of Van Gogh. It is worth it to keep the bus waiting." In no time at all, she was banging on the door of the pavilion. A lady came out, looking like a respectable housekeeper. She listened to enthusings about Van Gogh, and then shook her head rather angrily. "But, Madame," she cried, "surely you do not expect the original paintings done in this place. Unless you wish to see some reproductions . . . ?"

Mme Pinaud was thoroughly put out. "It is disgraceful," she said, "It was written down . . . quite clearly . . . the paintings of Van Gogh . . . I suppose you have to tip them heavily . . . it's so much corruption." We walked back to the bus. I turned my head, and stopped still. There in front of me was a cornfield bleeding with poppies, and behind it a copse of serpentine cypresses, a smudge of blue mountain and a brazen sky. Van Gogh had not only painted this landscape, he had planted the corn and bled the poppies and wept the cypresses. "Look!" I said to the excursionist. Her eyes followed my pointing finger and then dropped quickly back to her handbag, where she was hunting around for something. "It is written down here somewhere," she said. "It's nothing but false pretences." The Canadian stood looking at the scene for quite a time, and pulled out his camera. "It would look fine in colour," he said.

ANTHONY CARSON

The Dance of Words

I was walking one day through a wood in Ireland with a countrywoman when we came to a clearing with a great clump of rhododendron bushes, or "rosydandrons" as we call them in Ulster. A thin wind was combing the leaves, and the lovely heads of blossom were falling. "Look!" said the woman, pointing to the confetti of petals on the ground, "Isn't the dandruff lovely?"

"Rosydandron"—"dandruff." Was it the sound or was it the sight that brought the happy image to her mind? How does the mind flit so thoughtlessly from likeness to likeness? Is it a two-way traffic of eye and ear that fills the tongue with words? It is questions like these which I want to see talked about in articles on poetry. But what with the critics who approach poets as woodmen do trees (before they fell them), counting their rate of growth and knottiness, peering to see if they overshadow or fall short of their neighbours, blazing them in terms of good-better-bested—and what with the litter of poetry lovers who, with omnibus enthusiasm, bags of fellowship and buckets of goodwill, go picnicking in the wood of words, it is little wonder if Poetry has grown so thin nowadays that she hardly throws a shadow except when she shivers. Perennial in her weeds she walks among the ancient trees, a grieving ghost, an ingrown outrage. As for the poets, who may be found loitering with intent to work, their state is not a happy one. Perhaps we may yet see a conjubilation of poets beneficently employed as air-hostesses, handing out their verses on paper napkins—Ariels of goodwill, global personalities who, if lucky, marry off eventually into moneyed prose.

There are more seas in the fish than ever came out of it. I do not know any poet who does not know this, or who would not rather discuss the problems of the Word which informs him than talk about himself. "I have never," said James Stephens, "sat down and said to myself—'Now I'm going to write a poem.' What actually happened was that a poem grabbed me by the back of my neck and said—'Sit down and write me. And you do me well, or I'll knock your block off.'" Which is not to say that the poet has no say in his own poem, but only that the Word is predisposed in him as the Wood is in the tree and the seas in the fish. His task is to elaborate it; it is not a mere lip-service, it is a profound and considerable craft: poetry, like prophecy, however disturbing in its effect, is written coldly and with calculation.

One of the wonders of the Word is the way in which it manages to move and live and have its being in spite of the efforts to pin it down to the job of precise and single definition. To put a label on anything is to freeze it: knowledge is the enemy of knowing; to name is to numb. That is why words like to leap, to laugh, to be in two places at once, to have double meanings and double-crossings, to flash from likeness to likeness of image, and branch to branch of sound, and bid farewell to each welcome. Words, like water, want away, they want to run. And in poetry we let them have our own way and allow them to run freely and without question. Need we ask to what end? Does the land ask the river to what lengths it is prepared to go? Does one ask a lover if his journey is really necessary? Words have their loves and assignations which, in poetry, we call the power of association or imagination. What is imagination but the power to take off from any place and find equal landing-place anywhere in rhyme, rhythm or image? To see likeness everywhere is the business of the poet. To move and live and have our being is the business of the word: that is why the flitting verb is important, more than the sitting noun or the clinging adjective; by means of the verb words link and copulate and concepts are born. "My adjectives," said a poet proudly, "are my strong point"; a tree might as well be proud of the ivy that clogs it. Movement is all: the Word must ripple from reach to reach, from likeness to likeness; if it is to grow and reverberate, if it is to avoid the freezing touch of reality. "Reality," said Yeats, "is a kind of death"; a closed shop, a set piece, dead-right but living-wrong.

I am reminded of those Africans of whom a Government administrator told me lately: "Show them," he said, "in black and white a still-life picture of a cow, and, after puzzling over it for a long time, they will very likely say it is a typewriter. But show them a *moving*-picture of the cow and they will say 'That is a cow'." Words are at bottom blind and helpless when they are not describing a moving and living world. I find, for example, in the practice of poetry, that there are some things which I cannot liken to anything else nor find an identity or leaping metapher for. They stay still, stay put. A colour, for instance, cannot verbally be likened to anything else, except at a remove and in a secondary way. An object in which colour inheres is capable of light and shadow, and can therefore carry a likeness; but colour itself is unrelatable, is static.

There are many such problems in writing. The poet's tongue is always searching for the living Word, as the tree is always reaching for the Wood. We are variations in search of a theme, the dancing theme and burning bush of meaning that is forever being consumed but is forever green.

QUICK TURN ROUND

THE S.S. "Eumaeus" rammed the quay at Hongkong and stove in her bows. The hole was filled in with concrete and in this state she steamed back to a shipyard in Glasgow to be repaired. The first step in the repair was, obviously, to dislodge the concrete. It *could* be chipped out — all 4 tons of it — a few pounds at a time with road drills, crowbars and chisels. But at this point I.C.I. was asked to remove it with explosives. Though it is easy enough to break up concrete by this means, it was more difficult to find a way of blasting without at the same time damaging either the rest of the ship, the nearby ships in the yard, or the adjoining property. The technical service department of I.C.I.'s Nobel Division, drawing on 80 years' experience of explosives, knew the answer. The concrete was removed safely, and the S.S. "Eumaeus" was back in service in a comparatively short time.

ICI

The dance is all. It alone makes meaning and gives the delicate shiver of relationship to this too solid world of frozen selves.

> O body swayed to music, O brightening glance
> How can we know the dancer from the dance?

The dancer dies, but the gaiety of his dance over death goes on. The Marx Brothers were called to a conference by their agent, to impress on them the extreme gravity of their situation. But cheerfulness kept breaking in—three cheers: "Gentlemen," he said desperately at last, "you force me to tell you the unpalatable truth. It is this: your financial backer has withdrawn his support. He is putting his money into ice-cream." There was silence: then Groucho spoke: "What flavour?" he asked.

W. R. RODGERS

The Arts and Entertainment

TUDOR HISTORY

It is quite extraordinary on the face of it—the stir which has been caused in London by a provincial repertory company's performances of early Shakespeare. Yet so it is. In the last three weeks "Everybody" has been attending and discussing Birmingham's production of the three Parts of *Henry VI*. This cycle has been so often dismissed as a juvenile muddle of repetitive brawls that we had come to accept the adverse judgment without testing it, and the actual performance was a revelation. Many of us had the curious experience of seeing a Shakespeare play for the first time.

What is most striking to my mind about the cycle is the narrative and dramatic gift, displayed already full-blown in the young, inexperienced playwright. To reduce to an assimilable order the mass of inchoate material on the Wars of the Roses provided by the Chronicles would have been an astounding feat. It is usually conjectured that Shakespeare did not do that, but worked up a series of already existing plays. Even so, the advance in technique displayed here over anything that went before it, is remarkable. Put it this way: suppose you were going for the first time to see the cycle; you take down your Shakespeare in preparation and find yourself flummoxed by the enormous cast-list; you feel daunted; you begin to think you will never succeed in finding your way through the complications of this over-peopled story. But there was not the slightest need to have worried. On the stage the whole thing becomes as straightforward and clear as you could want. And it has more than clarity; it has speed and thrust. It gallops forward with the compelling interest of a serial. I myself, whose knowledge of the Wars of the Roses derives from dim recollections of School Certificate history, followed the events with a breathless excitement, and, when the curtain fell each night, impatiently awaited the next instalment. Add to this narrative gift a further ability (and there we define a natural dramatist in the bud) the ability to choose the significant incident and swell it out into a theatrically interesting scene. It is true that only one of these yet has the power and poetry that was to develop later—the dramatist's language was not yet under his hand. But still the final result is that in the three evenings there wasn't a single dull moment.

There are, of course, those who find the whole spectacle as it unrolls itself thoroughly unedifying. The rulers of England are displayed as ruthless bandits, mercilessly seeking their own advantage at anyone's expense. They bandy the words "right" and "honour," they talk of goodness and mercy and their country's greatness; but any one of them is ready to murder his fellow as soon as it is safe to do so; and it is certainly something of a relief to finish up the cycle with Richard Crookback who has no moral pretensions whatsoever, and revels as straightforwardly as any Existentialist hero in Evil for its own sake. The most acceptable official answer to this objection is Professor Dover Wilson's. The Tudors had given the English the blessings of Order. This rapine and carnage and butchery was what they had been rescued from. And it was as well for them to be reminded of it as often as possible. Quarrels about the Succession led straight to this. Let them be grateful for their present mercies. And gratitude, Dover Wilson suggests, is the motive behind all of Shakespeare's Histories.

This may well be so. But surely the reason why the barbarism is so stark in these plays is quite simply the immaturity of the poet. The story is superbly told but it is left unadorned. The language is adequate but little more; for the attitude behind it is as yet neutral and uncommitted. King Henry himself who might, in a play written later, have acted in some way as a principle of reference above and apart from the uncontrolled appetite all round him, never seems more than a feeble figure, will-less and idly protesting.

We owe the Birmingham Repertory Company a consolidated vote of thanks for their enterprise in showing us this cycle, and showing it us, too, in a production which has great merits. Mr. Douglas Seale has worked a minor miracle of judgment in cutting his coat according to his cloth. He and his company aim exactly within their range. And the result is that they are, on their level, completely successful. And it is a high level. In an admirable, economic setting, effectively designed by Findlay James, they carry their enterprise through with unremitting gusto and sufficient style. The cycle does not call for star acting, but it calls for a range and variety which the company certainly supply. Mr. Edgar Wreford brings off a very successful double as Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, the Protector, at the beginning and as Richard Crookback at the end. Mr. Jack May makes a consistent portrait of the sad, silly King. Miss Rosalind Boxall's portrait of Margaret of Anjou is one that grows steadily through the cycle. Mr. Alfred Burke's sinister Cardinal Beaufort remains in the memory, and Mr. John Arnatt is impressive as Richard Plantagenet. Richard Pasco, Alan Rowe, Nancy Jackson, Alan Fridges, Alan Nunn, are others among the cast who must be given a mention, although all deserve it.

T. C. WORSLEY

WATCH AND LISTEN

Now that we are in the doldrum hours that come to broadcasting in the summer, perhaps one may be allowed to pause in this ever-steepening journey and consider one of the B.B.C.'s more successful adventures—the various games that crop up in both sound and television. These have recently been very much in our minds because of the startling uproar over the latest innovation, "Why": pelted with rotten tomatoes, stridently condemned, it has been withdrawn in haste and without evoking a single tear. And yet "Why" was not really so bad as people have made out. It was, we have been told, intellectually contemptible but, then, it never occurred to me until now that a form of charades was to be judged by such lofty standards. A parlour game is surely not for the earnest student but for the tired warrior—for the open shirt and the loosened tie, the idle moments of boredom or frivolity. For the connoisseur, "Why" even had a curious fascination. The sight of Mr. W. J. Brown, plump with middle age, glasses wobbling on nose, playing the part of a darling spit-happy kiddie-wee—the breathless hope that he might presently succeed in blowing a milky bubble or two—these will always remain among the happier memories of my television years.

"Why" seemed to me no worse than some other features we could name and certainly was a good deal better than "The Name's the Same," a game played—O, so larkily—on the Light. How is it, then, that it was such a resounding flop? There were minor faults of production—the critics were rightly irritated by the way the jury held up little painted figures of a parent or a child when it recorded its votes. Unfortunately, there was a more serious weakness, as we can see if we compare "Why" with "What's My Line," another TV game that has been put away in moth balls during the summer. "What's My Line" had many virtues. To begin with, it had Mr. Gilbert Harding, one of the B.B.C.'s genuine discoveries. Mr. Harding not only displays his powerful personality with all the disarming confidence of a peacock, with an air that suggests he knows you are on to something superlatively good. What is more important is that being easily provoked, maddened by the slightest sign of stupidity or obstinacy, he is always apt to lay the studio in ruins, much to the pleasure of that adolescent imp which so many of us still carry about with us.

Then "What's My Line" introduced us to a host of improbable characters that come bustling happily back into my mind as I write these lines. There was the eager little man who made flints, the lip-stick girl, the mill-hand from the North, all slightly overpowered by the lights and the people and the noise and yet speaking up with a native shrewdness that was extraordinarily touching. "What's My Line" told us more about the English—their courage as well as their eccentricity—than a dozen travelogues.

But the feature also had—what the unfortunate "Why" so clearly lacked—a quiet tension that kept it alive: was the team going to win or not? Added to this was the harmless pleasure to be had from seeing the mighty toppled off their thrones, from the spectacle of the learned being defeated, baffled, teased, and made generally ridiculous. It is this same fun that accounts for the success of "Animal, Vegetable, Mineral," yet another of the games that has been put away for the summer. Few of us, I imagine, know one loving cup of the T'ang dynasty from another, but that does not prevent us from chuckling when the experts show that they are equally ignorant.

It is all managed so skilfully that other producers in the business could learn a great deal from a study of these broadcasts. For to be a complete success, it is not enough to have a good idea: the team should be as carefully cast as in a play, with the performers representing, as boldly as possible, contrasting types—the pedant, the fool, the show-off, the humorist and so on. The first edition of "Animal, Vegetable, Mineral" was so triumphant precisely because the producer had a team that could hardly have been improved. There was Sir Mortimer Wheeler who, with his smart moustache and even smarter hair, resembles a dashing Edwardian figure: he is the one who dares all and is usually right. Then there is Mr. Adrian Digby, who is known as Sherlock but is really Holmes, of course. And, finally, there is Professor Bodkin, who is sheer joy. He is a tiny man with a beard and a monocle and he sits in a quiver of merriment—merriment, not only at the absurdity of the whole thing, but at the thought that he should be in this unlikely place, right there bang in the centre of the screen. He and Mr. Harding would have medals from me if I had any to distribute.

HUGH MASSINGHAM

JUDGMENT ON PARIS

For eighty years or so Paris has been the Painter's capital of Europe. Recently there have been signs that this is no longer so and that more significant ideas are being worked out in Rome or Milan or Warsaw. The superstition, however, persists and the English art critic still sets out for Paris rather as a small-town journalist might set out to visit London. He then returns full of an "exclusive" story about the secret truths of the great city, half patronising and half admiring. In fact, any large city is large enough to supply any journalist with the story he wants to find. I offer this as an explanation of why my views on Paris may differ from those of others, and to warn the reader that although I am naturally convinced that they are, they may not really be conclusive.

Paris today seems to me to be a city sick with art, the victim in the second or third generation

of its own genius. Or to put it less fancifully, Paris suffers from the inevitable over-specialisation of international industrial capitalism, has become the mere sale-room and factory of a snob-commodity. One has the impression of paintings piled one on top of the other to form a huge emporium-house of cards: insubstantial, and yet, when once one has entered, claustrophobically screening any view of the outside world. Economically there is a glut; intellectually a drought.

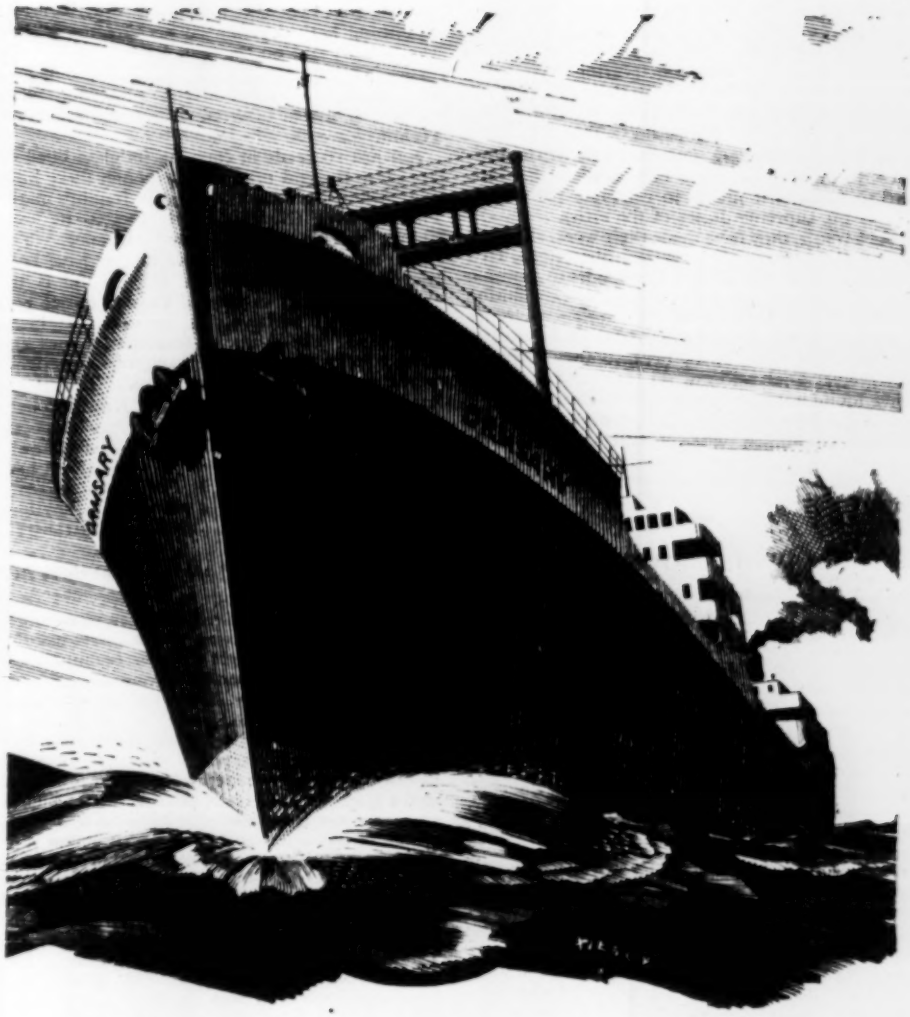
Typical of the general atmosphere is the present scandal about the re-hanging of the Louvre. I have no space to describe this in detail, but the affair was well summed up by a French painter who wrote that if the present tendency continues it will be no surprise to discover that the directors of the Moulin Rouge have taken over the Museum management. Everything has been done to make the presentation chic and easily superficial to eye and mind: decor for decor's sake without any consideration for the paintings shown: the separation of works from their period and school in order to make a smart arrangement of timeless cosmopolitan "styles": the criminal neglect of French painting (9 out of 40 Poussins on show) in order to attract visitors to an all-nation jamboree —the whole scheme amounting to the destruction of the museum as a place of serious study and to its establishment as an amusement arcade for cultural trippers.

The debilitating ideas behind this move are familiar. Namely: that national traditions can be ignored, that a work of art is a complete entity in itself, that "style" can be separated from intention and function, and that the luxury of aesthetics is pure and absolute. If this were all there was to be said about the atmosphere in Paris, it would hardly be worth saying again. The Political Prisoner competition, the Venice Biennale and most of the post-war productions in highbrow bookshops, have emphasised the same theme. Happily, however, there is also in Paris a successful movement running directly counter to this development: the movement, headed by Lurçat and centred on Aubusson, of artists working for the *Association des Peintres Cartonniers de Tapisserie*.

Lurçat was concerned with tapestries long before the war. But it was during and immediately after the war that the movement grew to be a real influence in French art. Painters such as Picasso, Léger, Gromaire, Braque, Dufy, Miro, Rouault, have all produced designs. The best work, though, has been and is being produced by those artists who have concentrated their whole energy on mastering the technique of the medium: most particularly Lurçat himself, Marc Saint-Saens and Jean Picard le Doux.

It would be easy to write paragraph after lyrical paragraph describing the character of their work: its simple, innocent but profound poetry woven from images of birds, flowers, fishes, heroes, the sun, the moon and lovers: its affirmation of the range of man's poetic sensuous experience, from the acute recognitions of childhood (a bird in a cage by Picard le Doux) through the militant force and possessiveness of maturity (Theseus and Minotaur by Saint-Saens) to the reflections of old age, the summing up of knowledge and sensations long valued ("Le ciel . . . la terre . . . la paix" by Lurçat): the simplicity of their colours (at the Gobelins tapestries where oil paintings are pointlessly copied, 14,000 colours are sometimes used: these artists employ about 40) made intangibly varied by the intrinsic qualities of the wools themselves and by the use of tones following the vertical woof to give an undulating flow of light such as shimmers on leaves, feathers, or the fins of fishes. It would be easy to do so: but it is more important to understand the reasons for the vitality of their work.

They have steeped themselves in their national tradition, have learnt from the great medieval French tapestries. They have assumed that if they apply themselves to the formidable technical problems involved, and if they choose essentially visual themes illustrating simple, physical life, the aesthetic question will look after itself. They



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have been content to pool their knowledge, to re-create a tradition rather than to break it with the individuality of their separate personalities. They have taken pleasure in gearing their work to facts existing outside the studio—the demands of the sites for which they design, the skill of the tapestry workers at Aubusson. They are men who have lived long enough with their progressive humanist faith to be optimistic at heart, and to know that finally to celebrate pleasure is one of the supreme duties of the artist.

As a result, they have made their work, although it is full of poetic illogicalities, distortions, etc., truly popular. Their tapestries condense common aspirations and experiences (nailing the illusion that poetry is rare) rather as anonymous songs or legends do, or, in a more complex way, as certain films can. Also, because they have set themselves a job and not set themselves *up*, they have found a way of using their talents—for none of them apes genius—to produce works of immediate human value. And if that sounds platitudinous, it is worth remembering that today talent is generally considered a possession, instead of an aptitude. The parable still applies.

JOHN BERGER

THE MOVIES

"Call Me Madam," at the Gaumont
"Lili," at the Empire

Best and lightest, in a week of light entertainment, is a film that has yet to name its cinema. I shall return to *The Pleasure Garden* in a moment. The two West End pieces are orthodox, if unusually enjoyable, specimens of their kinds. That of *Call Me Madam* is musical comedy: so it began, so it ends, and everyone concerned is buoyed up by the knowledge that he or she is on to a good thing. Irving Berlin's tunes, Ethel Merman—I was going to say, in person, such is her impact of voice and looks. I had never seen, or heard of, Miss Merman till I faced her with only three rows between at the Gaumont; but I realise what I have missed. She has the voice of the peacock, but more sense. She is, in fact, one of those mature fascinators far too rarely encountered in the cinema, someone in the real and the round without the need of 3-D. A daughter, say, of Groucho and Miss Dumont, bold as this, authoritative as that, but better looking than either. She doesn't let one miss a word—or a curve. She sings, and six symphony orchestras wouldn't drown her, and the wide screen merely gives her more room to deploy herself in. No one could ignore Miss Merman. When she goes off as American ambassador to Lichtenburg it may be doubtful diplomacy, but it's America all the way.

There is circling about Miss Merman quite a lot of fun anent protocol, dollar loans, local marriages and balls, visiting senators, and a European masculine charm meeting the new-world feminine. The American ambassador to Lichtenburg has delightful transatlantic phone conversations with one Harry, who always seems cheerful except that daughter Margaret gets bad notices. There's a princess who would marry a commoner, a secret passage from palace to embassy, jazz breaking in on the old-time stuff—in fact, musical comedy of a seasoned order, fixed as fate. George Sanders achieves an accent, an almost Conrad Veidt suavity; Donald O'Connor and Vera Ellen provide dancing lovers; and if I had a memory for catchy tunes, these no doubt would catch me.

Lili treads the far more uncertain ground of sentiment, with an orphan girl coming to work in the town, falling hopelessly in love with a conjuror, getting a job in a travelling fair. She's lost and bemused, she would commit suicide but is lured instead to the puppets in a booth. They talk and she answers; so well that she becomes part of the show. The puppet-master (Mel Ferrer), a lame exile from ballet, has a bitter rind but a sweet core. After some hard wooing with the puppets as go-betweens and a couple of dance dreams, the two fall into each other's arms. Everything here depends on keeping the whimsicality light and on the girl, Leslie Caron, who carries it triumphantly with a charm that touches. Mr. Charles Walters directs, achieving some pleasant contrasts between dream and reality in Technicolor.

Lili just succeeds in carrying its glass bowl of fantasy to the end unsmashed, though there have been awkward moments. No such fragility marks *The Pleasure Garden*, which creates its own strange world with absolute assurance. The sweet, redeemed orphan might almost have been one of its characters, whose fair ground is the abandoned beauty of the old Crystal Palace garden (now, I believe, in process of being reclaimed). There among forgotten statues and strange influences the few wanderers experience wild flutterings of hope and panic. This is the latest, the longest and best, of Mr. James Broughton's "flights of fancy," as he describes his poems for the screen. I find the lilt of its oddity quite irresistible. Very soon, I hope, we shall all have the chance of discovering in *The Pleasure Garden* a vision and a larkiness as authentic as anything in the cinema.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Let's Make a Ballet," at the Cambridge Arts Theatre

Children are like animals in that they move unself-consciously and are, therefore, almost always beautiful to watch. Children taught to move beautifully are, on the other hand, generally hideous, rather in the manner of those wriggly, highly trained circus dogs. Even so, as with the dogs, there is a fascination in watching them perform, and I find that permed little creatures frantically tapping out *Daddy Wouldn't Buy me a Bow-wow* or tottering on their toes as fairies have a grotesque attraction. Mari Bicknell's children, whom she has trained to play *Let's Make a Ballet*, are not of this latter type; they do not appear to be aping grown-up standards and behaviour the whole time, but dance without affectation as themselves. This is the key to Mrs. Bicknell's success as a teacher of children, and why her school has achieved the honour of giving full-scale performances at the Arts Theatre in Cambridge. The basic theme of *Let's Make a Ballet*—just as with *Let's Make an Opera*, from which the idea was taken—is somewhat too self-consciously enlightened and enlightening for my taste, but it gives the audience a chance to watch the girls as they would be seen in class, and a class doing an *adage* all together is most lovely to watch. After the opening demonstration of the class-room and rehearsal work, Mrs. Bicknell leads—with too much explanation—into the ballets proper, for which she has also composed the choreography. *Dream Street* is an excellent children's ballet: the Rossini music has just the right quality of unpretentious gaiety mixed with a little romance, while the girls running about in their Victorian pinafores are irresistible. This is an elegant collection of young ladies, among whom Catherine Stevenson and Catherine Bicknell are especially talented. It is also a pleasure to see for the first time dancers to scale in this small theatre, where the grown-up ballerinas always appear gargantuan.

A. F.

"Tobias and the Angel," at the Arts

It would be a very sad thing indeed if the Arts were to allow their standards to slip too far. There have been danger signs there more than once recently, and the current production should make the directors sit up and ask themselves just what is going wrong. For this production was, to be quite frank, very far below the standards we have come to expect there. *Tobias and the Angel* is one of the completest of Bridie's plays. It doesn't, like so many of the others, spill out of its frame, it keeps within its natural and given limits. It is a simple fairy story told with great charm, humour and the lightest of light touches. At the Arts the first act was like the doughiest of plum duffs, and though it certainly improved in the second and third acts, point after point throughout the evening was missed or muzzed. Mr. Bryan Forbes was set to play Tobias against the script, half the point of which is that he was a tiny, timid, little fellow. But at least he caught the spirit of the part, good-humouredly administering the little bumps of bathos from which much of the humour derives. Mr. Harold Kasket was also in the right spirit all of the time, and Miss Maxine Audley much of the time. But, in general, faulty casting and under-rehearsal gave us only a ghost of the piece.

T. C. W.

Sculpture by Gordon Herickx, at the Kensington Art Gallery

Herickx when he died a fortnight ago was middle-aged. This was his first London show. Previously, living and working in Birmingham, he had deliberately cut himself off from the fashionable art-world. These 11 stone carvings reveal the integrity and benefit which were the cause and result of this decision. They show his development from strong and slightly "art-nouveau" works through a period of abstractions from organic shapes—such as a chestnut bud, an ear of corn, a cyclamen flower—to his most recent monumental heads of Adam and Eve. In all of them one is aware of an absolute incorruptibility of spirit. They are totally without tricks, pretensions, or a trace of personal ambition—which in art always means affectation. Occasionally the influence of Gill (in the treatment of the hair) or Zadkine (in the scooping out of shadows) is, academically speaking, unresolved, but the singlemindedness of the works as expressed in their always sure sense of weight and mass makes any academic judgement seem almost irrelevant. The heads of Adam and Eve should without any doubt at all be bought for the Tate. The articulation between Eve's head and neck, the tension between the clean curved "roads" round the full forms of her lips, nostrils, eyelids, and the nut-hardness of the skull beneath, the difference between the determined bewilderment of Adam and the more passive languishing of Eve, are remarkably beautiful. Like all true Adam and Eves they are not just nostalgic, but are figures flanking, as it were, a gateway through which we pass at the moment of looking. Notice also the head of a dreamer (No. 56) lying on its side: it has been stripped to sculptural essentials in the same way, the features slipped to one side, as though it had suffered a "sea change" and were seen refracted through water, felt refracted through the tenderness of watching a sleeper.

J. B.

Correspondence

HANGING THE SICK

SIR,—Your correspondent might have put his argument more strongly still if all his facts had been correct. He says that where an accused is said to be unfit to plead, the jury are "given no option" and have to return a verdict of "guilty but insane." If the jury find the accused unfit to plead, there is no trial and no verdict. It is not true that they are given no option and that "medical evidence is accepted without question." In the case of R. *v.* Rivett, the accused was indicted at Suffolk Assizes for murdering a girl. The Crown clearly felt doubt as to his fitness to plead, and two doctors gave evidence that he was certifiably insane. The jury found Rivett fit to plead. The trial was then adjourned to Norfolk Assizes where three doctors gave evidence as to this unfitness to plead. That jury also found him fit to plead and he was tried for the murder, the only defence being that he was insane. Medical evidence as to his insanity was called by the defence and not contested by the Crown but the jury found him guilty of murder without any qualification. The Court of Criminal Appeal upheld the decision, remarking that the issue of insanity was for the jury and not for medical men, however eminent. Rivett was hanged.

Murder is, in fact, largely the crime of insane people. In 1951, the latest year for which criminal statistics are available, out of a total of 104 actual or suspected murderers, 71 were found insane or committed suicide before arrest in circumstances providing evidence of a disordered mind. Of the rest, a considerable percentage were psychopaths, people who are neither sane nor insane and who are, according to evidence given before the Royal Commission on Capital Punishment, "liable to commit murder in

spite of the certainty of conviction and execution." Indeed, among these abnormal people, there exists a sub-group for whom hanging is a positive incentive to murder. Since this is a rather remarkable phenomenon, and one which, I should have thought, would provide food for thought to the advocates of hanging, I should like to be allowed to give just three quotations, from Scotland, England and the United States, from the published minutes of evidence before the Royal Commission :—

". . . paradoxically enough, capital punishment may, instead of deterring others, encourage them to follow the same course" (memo. by Professor Sir David Henderson, para. 17).

". . . particularly those having strong conscious or unconscious suicidal impulses, in whose case the existence of capital punishment may operate as a positive incentive to murder" (memo. by the Institute of Psycho-analysis, para. 6(c)).

". . . there are also other cases where the existence of the death penalty incites to murder. They do not seem to be extremely numerous but the record is quite impressive nevertheless" (minute by Prof. T. Sellin).

The Howard League for Penal Reform. HUGH J. KLARE

SIR,—In an article called "Hanging the Sick" in which you published the views of a clinical psychologist (internal evidence leads me to suspect that you really mean a psychiatrist) on the recent Christie case and the McNaghten rules, his points do not seem to me to stand up to scrutiny. His argument appears to be that the determination of the mental state of the murderer should be left to the psychiatrist rather than, as is the present practice, to the jury. This would be reasonable if we could rely on finding unanimity, or at least a considerable degree of agreement, among psychiatrists. I have quoted a good deal of evidence in my book, *The Scientific Study of Personality* to show that, quite on the contrary, psychiatric disagreement on diagnosis and severity of illness is so considerable as to make acceptance of your correspondent's suggestion difficult.

Even if there were a considerable amount of agreement between psychiatrists, however, your contributor would still have to face the main problem, from which he resolutely averts his eyes. We may regard human conduct as completely determined by heredity and environment; alternately, we may consider man a free agent. If we take the determinist view, then all murderers are equally helpless playthings in the hands of fate and it is difficult to see any justification for making a distinction between Christie and the "ideal" murderer of your correspondent, who murders simply for gain, taking calculated risks. If, on the other hand, we take the point of view that human beings act on their own free will, then again any murderer who, in the words of the law, knew "that what he was doing was wrong" is equally culpable. The correspondent is on very tricky ground by applying the concepts of determinism to some people but not to others; certainly Freud, whom he quotes in support, did not hold any such half-hearted view but extended the concept of determinism to all human conduct.

Essentially then, this problem is a philosophical one and hardly amenable to a scientific solution. It can be argued only in the most general terms of expediency or ethics. It is expedient to hang murderers if this has a preventive effect on others. Your correspondent claims that the threat of hanging would not have deterred Christie; the evidence seems to suggest that other murderers are not deterred either. If that be true, and if we accept the determinist position, then surely ethical considerations would bid us feel pity and sorrow for the murderer as well as for the victim, and prevent us from killing another human being according to the dictates of *lex talionis*.

47 Ruskin Park House, Denmark Hill, S.E.5. H. J. EYSENCK

LABOUR AND THE SCHOOLS

SIR,—While rightly approving the intensified inspection, and registration, of independent schools, Mr. Michael Stewart does not refer to the further proposal, to "end the present arrangements under which local authorities provide scholarships to "public" boarding schools."

On the face of it, this proposal seems very odd indeed. First, it would deprive Education Committees, and Children's Committees, of a means of helping those children in their care who are in special need of the special help that can be given by boarding schools. Secondly, it would restrict these schools, for the next ten years or longer, to the children of the higher-income groups. Surely this is a complete reversal of policy; it would intensify class-segregation in education, instead of paving the way to its abolition. Why?

And what of the non-"public" boarding-schools? Do they also come under the ban? Is the specialised work the best of them are now doing, both for "scholarship" and fee-paying children, often with the emphatic approval of H.M. Inspectors, also to be labelled "One class only"?

48 Bunbury Road, Northfield, Birmingham, 31. KATHLEEN WADSWORTH

SIR,—Miss Alice Bacon says in her letter, published in your issue of July 18, that there is no mention of a selective examination at 15 in the educational proposals of *Challenge to Britain*. That is quite true, but such a selective examination inheres in those proposals none the less. Mr. Green, in his letter in the same issue, admits that when he says "There must be selection of some sort at some time." It is true that Mr. Green says that selection at 15 can take a different form from selection at 11, but he admits the selection. Why should the selection at 15 take a different form? It will obviously be based, as is the selection at 11, on ascertaining whether the pupil has sufficient intellectual ability to profit by certain courses of study and certain forms of instruction.

Mr. Green argues that the proposals do not prevent the raising of the school-leaving age to 16 because pupils could proceed to the High school at 15 for the extra year. In other words, there would be a large number of children in the High school who would be there for one year only. Has Mr. Green ever thought what effect that would have on the school?

I cannot agree that the Grammar school leaves a number of children "struggling in the rear," as Mr. Green says. All the children in Grammar schools must have of necessity reasonably high I.Q.s or they would never have been successful in the selective examination, and to say that the Grammar school teachers leave the majority of these children "struggling in the rear" is very difficult to believe.

House of Commons. RALPH MOSLEY

AGRICULTURAL CO-OPERATIVES

SIR,—In his article on the agricultural aspects of Labour Party policy in your issue of July 18, Dr. Orwin states that "the demand for more and cheaper credit" for the farmer is "a little unreal," and "and attempts . . . to extend agricultural co-operatives are hardly practicable." I feel that these statements should not go unchallenged.

Though the large farmer is reasonably well served in matters of credit by the existing banking system, two very detailed recent inquiries in the field by the Horace Plunkett Foundation have shown that there is much room for improvement in the credit position of the smaller farmer and horticulturist, not only in the volume of credit to be made available, but in the terms on which it is granted and in guidance as to its use. This is precisely the task of a co-operative credit organisation. Analogies with "the co-operative credit societies of Continental agriculture" are misleading. Most of them have changed greatly in the past twenty years and are no longer based on "going bail for one another," as Dr. Orwin says. Co-operative credit on a basis of limited liability, with the support of Government loans at low interest, is essential not only to French and Swedish agriculture (neither exclusively peasant countries) but also to the agriculture of the United States. The same is true of Canada, though the excellence of Canadian agricultural co-operation in general has made it possible to do without State aid.

This brings me to Dr. Orwin's second point, the statement, which he does not explain or illustrate, that it is "hardly practicable" to extend agricultural co-operation in this country. Since the war agri-

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cultural co-operation has, in fact, been extending very rapidly. At least two-thirds of the farmers of this country are today members of agricultural co-operatives, which, in the last year for which figures are available, carried on over £100,000,000 worth of business, including the supply of agricultural requirements, the marketing of grain, eggs, livestock, wool, fruit and vegetables and a variety of services. It is some recognition of the seriousness with which agricultural co-operation is regarded that the Ministry of Agriculture recently invited an American economist to survey existing organisation and make recommendations for its future development.

A. W. RICHMOND,
Chairman.
British Isles Federation of Agricultural Co-operatives.

RACIAL EQUALITY

SIR,—No wonder Jesting Pilate would not stay for an answer, and accuracy does not increase with the ages.

In Mr. Muspratt's original letter he implies that an African can shoot all the game he likes, and can find, in Northern Rhodesia. Actually his 2s. 6d. licence only allows him to shoot small buck and vermin, which includes buffalo, and that only in a restricted area. This is not, perhaps, a very important error of fact; but Mr Basil Davidson's statement that the door is wide open to European settlement in Native Trust Land will have considerably wider repercussions, and calls for correction. In the Order in Council of 1947 it is laid down that non-Natives can only hold land in Native Trust Land when it is proved to the satisfaction of the Secretary of State and the Governor, after consultation with the local Native Authorities, that such alienation (the right word in this connection) is to the advantage of both races. This clause was agreed to by Mr. Creech Jones when he was Secretary of State for the Colonies in order to avoid the possibility of development beneficial to Africans being held up by too rigid a definition of Trust Land. If the Secretary of State and the Governor do their duty there would not seem to be any danger that African interests will suffer.

STEWART GORE BROWNE

"FIRST READING"

SIR,—Mr. Massingham speaks kindly of my two poems in Mr. Wain's first programme; I had *one* poem in Mr. Wain's *second* programme. I am sure Mr. Massingham has pondered *First Reading* as thoroughly as his tone of considered condemnation suggests, but may I use his slip as a pretext for a defence of Mr. Wain?

First Reading does not really purport to be a bird's-eye view of recent English writing in general; it purports, I think, to be a platform for a new generation of writers—the under-thirties—who have really today no other platform of this sort. We shall not be fair to this new generation, unless we realise how differently situated they are from ourselves. They were children during the struggle against Fascism in the 1930s. They were mostly too young to be uprooted and cast into a wider society during the last World War. Their central experiences are the traditional ones of growing up, falling in love, earning a living, struggling to get on in the world. Many of them, therefore, I think, feel secretly much more at home with Victorian and Edwardian literature than with that of the 1920s and 1930s. Again, few of them hope to storm London with their pens. They are most typically (Mr. Amis, Mr. Corke, Mr. Davie, Mr. Alvarez, Mr. Wain himself) young dons, and often young dons in provincial universities. The centre, moreover, of their intellectual universe lies not in London, but in Oxford or Cambridge. In that sense, *we* perhaps look provincial to them. They discuss passionately not what Mr. Toynbee said about Mr. Connolly but what Dr. Leavis said about Mr. Bateson. They think metropolitan urbanity rather hollow and metropolitan smartness rather vulgar. Possibly, in fact, their attitude towards us is a little like that of D. H. Lawrence towards Bloomsbury. Again, they are not ashamed of being dons. They do not see why they should not discuss literature portentously, since they take it seriously. And when they write fiction they choose themes they know about (the young lecturer's week-end with the professor, the shock that warped the character of the adolescent girl) rather than themes *we* might consider more "fashionable" or more "socially significant."

I am not saying that all this is right or wrong; I am saying that it is so, and must be taken account of by a critic. These young people are not doing what we do, rather less well; they are trying, well or badly, to do something quite different. Mr. Massingham quoted disapprovingly, for instance, a ponderously facetious sentence by Mr. Kingsley Amis. It is certainly bad writing, if you think he is trying to be another Isherwood. But one finds that embarrassing jocularity in George Eliot, even in Henry James sometimes, and certainly in the writer who I think may have been Mr. Amis's immediate model, Arnold Bennett; Mr. Amis's piece was a very funny and penetrating study (once one had accepted the jaunty style) of the adroitness and awkwardness of a "card" against a provincial background. Similarly Mr. Hilary Corke had a long "poetical" poem, saying, more or less, the poet is like a swan; it would have been futile to judge that as an exercise in colloquial Audenese. We must resign ourselves to the fact that the youngest writers are picking up threads we may have thought dropped for good.

Of course these programmes are uneven; but if we place ourselves in the context of these young writers' lives, in the perspective of their interests, I think we shall find more promise in *First Reading* than Massingham suggests.

G. S. FRASER

SIR,—I suppose I owe it to my contributors to make some sort of answer to the grotesque attack which your critic has seen fit to launch against my radio feature, *First Reading*. His criticism clearly arises from a desire to produce substantiating "evidence" for a hostility he has conceived on other grounds. This being, all too obviously, the case, I will not attempt a re-statement of the rationale of *First Reading*; beyond saying this: he calls me a poet, and so, please God, I am; but I earn my living as a scholar, and it has been my task for years (I am not, as he seems to think, about twenty years old) to define and interpret the English literary tradition by focusing on those elements in the past which can, or could, vitalize the present. My contributors are not chosen *because* they are young and unknown—it just happens to be a peculiarity of our period that the tendencies offering the best hope for English literature are to be seen most clearly in the work of the younger men. If *First Reading* had been simply a matter of continuing to nourish established reputations, or of keeping up the old "eclectic" genuflexions towards the Continent, one would never have bothered to take it over. The apparent lack of intellectual hospitality is, of course, regrettable, but a programme designed to run for six months is committed to a very severe selection—a fact which, since it couldn't have escaped him, your critic must have obfuscated through malice or indolence.

As regards his "criticisms," most of these will have been recognized as the most threadbeare strategy of the biased reviewer; having access to the scripts, he has pored over them and extracted a few sentences which can be made, in isolation, to seem clumsy. These are then pushed forward as "typical." Even at this level he has over-reached himself. For instance, in *First Reading* 3 I included an extract from a piece of broad farce, the work of a professional historian who has diverted his leisure by constructing the literary equivalent of a custard-pie comedy. The object was merely to lighten the programme and bring down the tension after a long sequence of verse. In introducing this particular contribution, I deliberately adopted a mock-serious tone; the author himself, in his story, exploited one of the oldest tricks of the comic writer by putting his preposterous narrative into stiff civil-service English. So my introduction goes down as "portentous," and my contributor's prose as "maggoty." Need I comment?

Again, I have (it seems) allowed a gifted young poet (whom "some of us have never heard of") to describe his work in terms which suggest that he takes it seriously, and wishes to have it taken seriously by others. If your critic finds this unpalatable, I must tell him shortly that I have no time for what D. H. Lawrence called "the rinsings of baby's napkins." I am a man of letters, and the Third Programme is not the Mothers' Union.

Finally, I have no choice but to add that this sort of banausic performance is not mitigated by the striking of a few brave attitudes ("I realise that these are unpopular words"), nor by calling on the B.B.C. to "stop behaving so shabbily to modern writing." Shabby behaviour, like charity, begins at home.

JOHN WAIN

SINOVITIS

SIR,—*Sinusitis* means inflammation of the air-cavities of the skull—a condition which may, or may not, indicate the need for removal of the adenoids.

Synovitis means inflammation of the lining membrane of a joint.

Sinovitis means nothing (except, possibly, inflammation of the Chinese).

Perhaps the reason why Mr. Philip Hope-Wallace's doctors don't tell him what is the matter with him is that he wouldn't understand them if they did.

HECTOR MACKENZIE-WINTLE

29 Abbey Road, Oxford.

MISS REBECCA WEST

SIR,—I regret that I must trouble you with a further letter concerning Mr. Ross's remarks about my article on the Rosenbergs. My fear was that Mr. Ross's description of my article as "a crude account of the American viewpoint" might lead your readers to suppose that I approved of the execution of the Rosenbergs, since that was the American viewpoint. But my attitude to that regrettable event was expressed in my articles in these words:

> "For months there has been conducted, in Britain as in the rest of the world, a violent campaign to save Mr. and Mrs. Julius Rosenberg from the sentence of death passed on them when they were convicted of conspiracy to give Russia information relating to the national defence of the United States. . . . There is one aspect of this campaign which must disturb every civilised person anywhere in the world, inside the United States or out of it. The death sentence was passed on them on March 29, 1951. Now, capital punishment may be right or wrong, but to confine a criminal for 21 months in the condemned cell is not merely to inflict capital punishment, it is to resort to torture as well."

I cannot feel that any reader of normal intelligence could read those words and not fail to gather that I thought that the Rosenbergs should not be executed and should be reprieved. And I certainly feel no compunction that I took the opportunity to add: "Even those to whom the United States is a second home must wish that the American people would mend their ways and either abandon the death penalty or speed up the administration of justice."

Ibstone. REBECCA WEST

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Books in General

In the 1620s Protestant Europe awaited its deliverer. For 60 years Rome and its Habsburg champions had been pressing their counter-attack: revolt had been frustrated in Austria and Bavaria; Poland and the Rhineland and Bohemia had been reconquered; and now the imperial armies stood even on the shores of the Baltic. Where was a champion to be found? Queen Elizabeth—at best a reluctant crusader—was dead and her successor had renounced the heroic part of her inheritance; the German princes were weak and cautious, dismayed by the frolics and failure of the "Winter King"; the King of Denmark, that outrageous royal aesthete Christian IV, was of dubious fidelity to the cause, and when appetite rather than faith had led him into the war, it had led him only to disaster. Desperately, in that messianic age, men sought guidance from the Kabbala and the Apocalypse, from astrologers and witches; and finding, among the portentous lunacies of Paracelsus, a prophecy concerning "the Lion of the North" who would conquer the Eagle and institute, in time for Christ's Second Coming, a golden era, they turned their gaze upon Sweden. In 1629 Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, made peace in Poland and marched into Germany. In a trice the balance of power was convulsed: from Brandenburg to Alsace, from Mecklenburg to Munich, his seven mercenary armies terrorised Germany; excited Protestants everywhere hailed him as the Messiah; and in Vienna the imperial eagle indeed trembled in its nest. The Lion of the North, the Protestant deliverer had come.*

And what was the end of it? Twenty years later, when the long war was at last over, the ideological mirage had evaporated: the ghoulish nightmares of Popish and Protestant blocs seemed in retrospect absurd hallucinations; but the Swedish empire was a reality. On the loot of Germany, on the tribute of the Baltic ports, Queen Christina, the daughter of the Protestant Hero, sustained—until her unfortunate conversion to Popery—her extravagant court, her exacting intellectual patronage, her princely art-collection. For 50 years Sweden was a great, and often a terrible, power. Such was the most obvious consequence of the glorious Protestant crusade.

It was indeed a triumph of war and diplomacy. For the brief Swedish empire, like the larger Spanish and Turkish empires, had little economic power of its own. Armaments were its only industry: it depended on foreign tribute, foreign capitalists, foreign servants. How then did it happen? What native power supported and supplied the genius (or madness) and energy of those incalculable, domineering, unscrupulous, inspired Vasa Kings? How did a power which in 1560 was the Cinderella of the Baltic become, within a century, its undoubted mistress? And why, within another half-century, did that empire so totally collapse? These are questions which Mr. Roberts, in an excellent new work of scholarship, enables us to answer.

Without good administration, declared St. Augustine in his magisterial way, what are empires but great robberies? And they grow, he added, through fear of diminution. The Swedish empire nicely illustrates his apophthegm. In 1560 the collapse of the Teutonic Orders and the decline of the German cities had created, in the Baltic, a vacuum of power and trade tempting to some, dangerous to others of the riverain states. If Russia, suddenly installed in the great market of Novgorod, or Poland, now dominating the rich cornlands of Lithuania, or Denmark, already controlling the entrance and the sea routes of the Baltic, were to gather up that inheritance, what would be the prospect for Sweden, a new power bottled impotently up in a blind alley of that inland sea? To prevent his neighbours from cornering the Muscovy trade, the King of Sweden had therefore pounced upon the free city of Reval. But Reval, to be safe, needed Narva, and Narva Estonia, and Estonia Livonia; and if the Muscovy trade were to avoid Swedish control by leaking out through Pernau and Riga, then Pernau and Riga must—in self-defence of course—be occupied too. And soon there would be the threat from the King of Poland, a Catholic Vasa expelled from the Swedish throne and now meditating revenge. To prevent a Danish stranglehold on Baltic trade, or a Polish invasion of Sweden, or Russian support to Poland—was not this a purely defensive policy, even if it entailed a series of aggressive wars against all three powers?

In 1621, Gustavus Adolphus had captured Riga and diverted the tolls of the river Dvina into his absorbent treasury. His neighbours trembled: was he not now seeking for himself *dominium maris Baltici*? Nonsense, retorted the injured innocent: "if I draw a bucket of water from the Baltic, must I be accused of thirsting after the whole sea"? Eight years later, to defend his Livonian gains, he had acquired the Prussian tolls also, thus increasing his whole revenue of state by 50 per cent., and the modest aphorism about the bucket was happily forgotten: "all the harbours of the Baltic," wrote his triumphant chancellor, "from Kalmar to Danzig, throughout Livonia and Prussia, are in His Majesty's hand!" Thereupon the defensive war was carried farther into Germany; and 20 years later, when peace had returned, the same chancellor could be even more triumphant: Sweden could now exploit "all the rivers of the Baltic—the Neva and the Narva, the Dvina and the Oder, the Elbe and the Weser, besides many incomparable fair and rich harbours in the Baltic, the North Sea and the Kattegat." The looted libraries of Riga and Braunsberg, Wurzburg and Mainz, the looted picture-galleries of Prague might illustrate Swedish victories—they had been looted from Papists; it was the tolls of the Baltic, wrested often from Protestant powers, which financed them.

Conquest may find its motives in fear, its resources in victory; but it also needs the intoxication of a doctrine. Protestantism might serve well enough against a Popish enemy, but what when the victims were themselves Protestant? A robber-state requires a more exclusive ideology, a claim of absolute racial superiority which will justify any aggression. To the subjects of Gustavus Adolphus such a doctrine was fortunately to hand. Incidentally they were indeed Protestants, but fundamentally, they remembered, they were Goths, authentic scions of those ancient Goths who, descended through Magog from Noah, had once colonised and civilised all Europe; whose hundred kings had all been exactly chronicled by Johannes Magnus; and whose heroic poets could be proved by their works (if these had not unfortunately all perished) to have been greater than Homer. To Gustavus, as to Hitler, the conquest of Europe was never aggression; it was the restitution of that cultural hegemony to which the Swedes were, by their history, entitled; and to avoid any misunderstanding on that point he created the post of Antiquary-Royal and instructed his professor of poetry to declaim, among other topics, "upon the deeds of the old Gothic men."

And who were the new Gothic men who now, under him, profitably resumed this ancient mission? It must be admitted that their Gothic character was not very obvious. They were aristocrats, often foreign in origin, Italianate by education, and Swedish only by accident or adoption. For it was the age of aristocracy, and in Sweden, as in England and Spain, the nobility were challenging once again the strong monarchy which had recently cowed them. The first Vasas, ruling their primitive state through bailiffs and secretaries, had based themselves on peasant support and distrusted and ignored their rural nobility; the usurper Karl, Gustavus's father, finding that they had acquired "constitutional" views, had oppressed and murdered them; but in the weakness of Gustavus's early years they had returned to power, and had returned the more surely because, in the meantime, they had trained themselves carefully for it. They had educated themselves. They might pay lip-service to runes and rubbish, but they studied seriously abroad, read Machiavelli, wrote to each other in Italian, sought passionately after learning, and competed to serve, and by service to control, the state. Gustavus, the conciliator of the classes, who was also the educator of Sweden, the founder of the *gymnasia*, the refounder of Uppsala University, welcomed such service and paid for it—since their leader was his chancellor and constant adviser—handsomely. So, through grants and privileges and offices and exemptions casually given and systematically taken, the profits of conquest enriched and strengthened not the Gothic King but a cosmopolitan aristocracy, and the new Swedish court-nobility—that is, the French de la Gardies, the Estonian Wrangels, the German Konigsmarcks, the Scottish Hamiltons and the Liégeois de Geers—quietly broke the royal monopoly of power and patronage, art and architecture. In that dismal land they built for themselves Mediterranean palaces, Medicean galleries and Burgundian *Wunderkammer*, and they listened, in their cold northern churches, to dull Lutheran sermons inappropriately preached from gilded baroque pulpits, among effigies and crucifixes and the apparatus of idolatry. To the ambassador of the Puritan Republic of England this also was a surprising end to the Protestant crusade: "None could see a difference," he declared, "betwixt this and the Papists' churches."

Thus behind the conquest of empire lay, as

* *Gustavus Adolphus. Vol. I 1611-1626.* By MICHAEL ROBERTS. *Longmans.* 63s.

always, a social transformation: behind the strange, quixotic, Cromwellian genius of Gustavus the patient administrative industry of his aristocratic chancellor, Axel Oxenstjerna; and when the King had perished on the field of Lutzen, and his halo had evaporated, the triumph of his chancellor showed clearly through its dissolving wisps. Sweden had become an oligarchy. Unfortunately, one social transformation was not enough. An oligarchy made the Roman Empire, but a further revolution was necessary to govern it—to give it that "good administration" without which it would have remained merely "a great robbery." This second revolution the Swedish Empire never fully underwent: whatever its social form at home, abroad it remained a robber-empire, financing itself not by native industry but by tolls and spoil. "It must make no difference," Gustavus once wrote, "that the Livonian peasantry complain, for we are less concerned with the welfare of the country than with the provision of our soldiers who by faithful service have helped to conquer it." The Vasa despots might recover power from the oligarchy; they could not forget their policy of conquest. And what when conquest failed to sustain itself? Like later Germanic conquerors they were to find that even a combination of an armament industry, an ideology and a formidable army is not quite enough. It once pleased Oxenstjerna to say that it takes very little wisdom to rule the world. His successors were to learn that it takes just a little more than they thought.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

A CHILDREN'S BOOK

Oh emerald islands! Oh classic seas!
Italian villas and Martello towers
Cool and light beneath Egyptian palms, where no
witch-woman cowers
Or beggar moans for alms.
Unpolitic careless colours
Whose only message is of pleasure, fast on the
grecian marble page,
Run through your readers' veins.

At rest are Ibycus' cranes.
In the land of gay windows, land without doors,
A cat may walk and talk, a patriarchal goat lays
down his laws,
Between the falling golden apples dart the
parakeets, a dappled serpent keeping time.

Immaculate the temples, and no solemn hush
disturbs these agile columns,
On bright and western grass, within a tender
eastern sea.
Their little sails like flags of friendship proud
and high,
The boats are crooking fingers in the beckoning
bay.

Whether to go or stay?
A milkmaid hesitates upon the glowing strand, a
yashmak shades her Turkish cheeks:
The fishes smile their brilliant smile: her curled
cows
Shake their jovial heads. Come back!
Her lazy caballero cries.
Oh where, oh which? To go, to stay?

Polyglot painted pages, where all homes are at
home.
They tell you, children,
whether you stay or roam,
These colours live, these gods and animals, these
lucid islands and these oceans—
Under grey wave, grey fog, grey heads' uneasy
motions.

D. J. ENRIGHT

THE BACHELOR

Samuel Butler. By PHILIP HENDERSON. *Cohen & West.* 18*s.*

One of the irritations of late-Victorian life in London was the sight of Samuel Butler and Festing Jones sitting in the front row at a concert and reading aloud the jokes of *The Sporting Times* during the performance of any music they happened to dislike. It was a way, of course, of annoying father-figures and experts and of demonstrating that one was still not taken in by mother's "soft talks" on the sofa. The incident comes up in Mr. Henderson's very readable *Life*. Butler was the naughty boy of the Victorian school-room and he was determined that no one should forget the fact. So explicit was he about his life and at such length, that the arguments for cutting it down to essentials are very strong, and this Mr. Henderson has done. Butler's candour showed integrity; he had a misanthropic impartiality about himself; one blushes to suggest he is imposing a view, but there do not appear to be many outside sources and his own outline therefore stands. One can be hostile to it and think of him, for example, as a very selfish person, over-anxious to see everyone uncomfortable and deflated, but one cannot abolish it. The fact that he had little regard for others—if we except his small, dull court of intimates—enabled him to perform his service to English literature. In his recalcitrance, in the extremism which underlay his preaching of common sense, he is one of the English Worthies.

Mr. Henderson's *Life* makes certain things clearer. For example, that Butler had a good business head. He did well in New Zealand and if things went wrong with his ventures in Montreal, it was because his advice was not taken. His quarrels with his father show him to have been shrewd. The fact that he was so thoroughly swindled by Paoli seems to argue against clear-headedness; but here passion was involved, or at any rate, a spell. Butler behaved to young men with a full heart, as he thought his father should have behaved to him; and if his affections had not been rebuffed in childhood, a disastrous compensation like the Paoli affair would have been unlikely. Emotionally, Butler remained superficially hard and maliciously innocent all his life. The irony is that the passion for Paoli could occur to a man whose basic trait was the decision not to be hoaxed. After the "soft talks on the sofa" with his mother and the betrayals that followed them, Butler was not going to be hoaxed by God, the Established Church, by Darwin, women, family life, reputations, the *Odyssey* or the current interpretation of Shakespeare's sonnets. He only allowed himself to be hoaxed by himself. Why did he then go on with Paoli so long? Was he really unable to resist Paoli's tears or to cease feeling responsible for Paoli's bronchitis? Was there a "hold"? Was there some masochistic pleasure in being a mug? Butler was never able to shake off a passion—he could never leave his family alone although he hated them—and Mr. Henderson suggests that hanging on to Paoli may have been the timid man's revenge. Morally he could feel superior to Paoli once he knew he was being swindled. There was a streak of cruelty in Butler.

Mr. Henderson is very fair on the subject of Butler's hatred of his father. The beatings, the prohibitions, the cruel humiliations were bad enough; what was worse was the father's grey neutrality before childish affection. Some have said that the Canon was a good and likeable man; but he had two bad sons, not one, and the effect of family life at Shrewsbury was to turn one of them into a scoundrel, the other into a rebel. The Canon did not try to force Samuel into the Church but he did want him in a decent profession. Reading the Canon's letters one can see that he was a tactless and narrow man, a terse sermonist who laid down an intolerable either/or; but he behaved creditably when he at last extracted the full story of Paoli. The son had the father's temper.

The unhappy who have lost the ground of the common affections of human life go to pieces like brother Tom, or turn to originality, satire, fantasy and mockery. Butler's pugnant and truculent humour, his taste for rather simple paradox, are compensations. The intellect puts its rind over the wounds of those who have a skin too few: the over-sensitive become the tough and the wince of pain becomes the irreverent grimace. The irreverence of Butler seems more and more tiresome and suspect, as time goes by; only as he gradually comes to revere the comely, the earthly beauty, does he now induce us to respect the believing and unbelieving parts of his mind. An obsession like Butler's is narrowing; its liberating force diminishes; it encourages arrogance. His contempt for all his literary contemporaries is rankling, childish and jealous. It also points to a fundamental lack of imagination.

Mr. Henderson's book is essentially a personal portrait and does not contain any criticism of Butler's scientific ideas. A contemporary analysis of these would be valuable. He does, however, give an account of *The Authoress of the Odyssey*, that delightful, unreal intellectual love-affair of Butler's life. The portrait has Butler's own charm. It is amusing that the small, bearded man thought of himself as a sort of rationalist faun. He used to give his hair a hard brushing every night before going to bed—fifty strokes to each side of the parting. The regularity of his habits and their bachelor fuss are delightful. The week-end walking tours, the punctual visits to the French lady on Tuesday, the jottings about the charladies, all the details have a comic triteness. He became a saint of habit and crotchet, like some old priest, with the homely and abandoned figure of Alfred as his acolyte. The crowning touch is that Butler actually enjoyed working every day in the British Museum.

The prudent life, the life of luck, cunning and innuendo—yet certain dramatic electric shocks cut across it. Miss Savage dies and, in remorse, he shuts up *The Way of All Flesh* and does not touch it again. There are the passions for male beauty—and for the Italian girl—there are the tears when Hans Faesch leaves England, there is the sonnet about Paoli, there is Italy where the bachelor of Cliffords Inn who can only get his books published at his own expense, is a local hero, a street named after him. There is the French lady's funeral. These are to be set against the Victorian case-history: suppressed love of men, a guarded friendship with one woman, sexual relations only with prostitutes; the bourgeois child continues in later life to find warm affection not in the drawing room or even at mother's knee, but in the kitchen. He even owned slum property. Complete disruption of the emotions: one sees how it is that one can never be quite sure where Butler is serious and where he is making a nursery scene in order to see if he can make us believe black is white, out of sheer vanity.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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HEINEMANN

make a uniform impression even on professing Christians, and the present reviewer can only describe its effect on a single non-Roman Catholic reader.

As a human document, *The Sign of Jonas*, in spite of its gross emotional overtones, is sincere and readable and often, especially when Thomas Merton describes the general life of his community, deeply moving. Any account of a religious order as strict as the Trappists cannot fail to have an adventitious interest, even when communication is as simple and unrestricted as it appears to be at Gethsemani. The occasional sly Firbankery is odd, but somehow not at all out of keeping:

> Father Gervase has access to the most unimpeachable sources of information since, as private secretary to Father Abbot, he reads all the letters that come in from all the convents in America. What is more he is a very intelligible sign-maker. Without any trouble at all he was able to assure me that Dom Verner Moore, the Benedictine, who preached our community retreat two years ago, had become a Carthusian at Miraflores, in Spain. Father Gervase did not have to climb the ladder to find a picture of Miraflores in order to get this information across. He merely twirled on his heel and snapped his fingers over his head as if he were playing a pair of castanets. After that, delighted at my amazement, he hastened away to read all the latest books about the Little Flower.

As a book about the spiritual life, I cannot see that *The Sign of Jonas* has any value whatsoever, except, perhaps, as showing us how the determined pursuit of the religious life, even when conducted under a threefold vow of poverty, chastity and obedience, can be clouded by the high-pressure publicity and group-approval of one's co-religionists. To assess Thomas Merton's book fairly, the non-Papist reader must do his best to conquer his prejudices of taste. That is, he must forget the telegrams from Harcourt Brace, the visits from Mr. Waugh and Mr. Speaight, the offerings from Mrs. Boothe Luce, the *Life* and *Time* feature-writers and the flash-bulb exploding behind the chapter-house. (He must also forget the publisher's statement that "English language sales alone . . . are now approaching the 1,000,000 mark.") Such incidents are not Thomas Merton's fault. They are only the contemporary symptoms of religious chicness apparent in any age. Port-Royal and a dozen other French foundations probably suffered just as much intrusion from their fans in the seventeenth century.

Yet when all is said, there is something disturbing about a monk's conducting his religious life in public—even when he appears to do so at his superiors' bidding. *The Sign of Jonas* is proof, if proof were needed, that this is not how great religious literature is written. Any concrete incident or reflection in this journal is invariably heralded or succeeded by a cloud of pseudo-mystical rhapsody or ejaculation. Tags from Job or St. John of the Cross lose their point when wrapped up in this kind of thing:

> I have only time for eternity, which is to say for love, love, love. Maybe Saint Teresa would like to have me snap out of it but it is pure, I tell you; I am not attached to it (I hope) and it is love and it gives me soft punches all the time in the centre of my heart. Love is pushing me around the monastery, love is kicking me all round like a gong, I tell you, love is the only thing that makes it possible to me to continue to tick.

A letter from the Procurator General of the Carthusians comes like a dash of cold water over all this incandescent emotion. "Mere contemplative life," writes Dom Porion, "requires a special grace . . . It requires a ripeness too, a maturity of soul that is not often to be met with in converts." The affectionate and sober counsel is an implied rebuke, not to Thomas Merton but to the whole idea of the monastery as the "spiritual power station" of the Anglo-Saxon world.

JOHN RAYMOND

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POEMS ON A SHOESTRING

Poems. By ELIZABETH JENNINGS. *Fantasy Press, Eynsham.* 5s.

Splinters. By MAIRI MACINNES. *School of Art, University of Reading.* 5s.

Survivor's Leave. By CHARLES CAUSLEY. *Hand & Flower Press.* 3s. 6d.

The Fantasy Poets: 16, THOM GUNN; 17, ANTHONY THWAITE. *Fantasy Press, Eynsham.* 9d. *each.*

Poetry and Poverty: a quarterly. 28a, *Belsize Square, N.W.3.* 2s. *per number.*

Stand: a quarterly. Edited by JON SILKIN. 40 *Lee Park, S.E.3.* 1s. *per number.*

In years of intense crisis, like those between 1933 and 1945, the larger British public becomes aware of poetry. In years like those since 1945, of muted and habitual crisis, crisis taken for granted like the weather, it loses interest. Perhaps it feels that poets, like newspapers, are just going on saying the same old thing. That young poets get into print at all today is mainly due to the efforts of one or two enthusiastic small publishing firms, like the Fantasy Press and the Hand and Flower Press. The Fantasy and the Hand and Flower, indeed, very usefully supplement each other, for the Fantasy Press specialises in the kind of young poet who owes a great deal to other people's poetry, who might be called a "university wit"; Miss Erica Marx of the Hand and Flower Press, on the other hand, distrusts literary derivativeness and looks in poetry for a broad human interest. I admire the efforts of these two firms, as I admire the editors of tiny poetry magazines who, like Mr. Jon Silkin, keep these afloat by hawking them round pubs. Yet I am not sure that pamphlets and the "little magazine" are the answer to public indifference. If the Fantasy poets, for instance, came out not six pages a time at ninepence, but in a sizable yearly anthology, I think they would get more attention; reviewers love anthologies, love spotting winners and losers, but they tend to squeeze pamphlets into a final paragraph. Similarly, if all the editors of "little magazines" were to pool their funds and their efforts and persuade somebody like Dr. Muir or Miss Raine to edit for them a really impressive quarterly—difficult to get into—the public might sit up and take notice. Even today, the problem of the young poet is not that of getting published—it is that of getting published under an imprint that means something, that confers prestige. The danger both of "little magazines" and of pamphlet-series is that they encourage good, bad, and indifferent poets to huddle together for warmth.

Till large publishers are willing to take a risk with poetry again, however, we should be grateful for pamphlets as handsomely produced as those of Miss Jennings and Miss MacInnes. The covers are semi-stiff, the backs are square, as in Mr. Causley's pamphlet also. But in the ladies' books the print is large, the use of white space generous, each poem begins on a new page; in Mr. Causley's book the type is small, the poems run on, and I for one would gladly have spared an extra one-and-sixpence for less matter with more art. Miss MacInnes's volume has 32 pages, Miss Jennings's 40, Mr. Causley's a much more packed 46. That is enough material (as the six pages of the ninepenny Fantasy pamphlets on the whole are not) to base at least a provisional judgment on. I hope that Miss Jennings's selection will be the first of a series of Fantasy items at a comparable price and in a similar format. It is sadly obvious that we are no longer willing to pay eight or ten shillings to sample even a promising new poet, but I think we remain willing to sacrifice more than the price of half a pint.

Miss Jennings's selection has something in common with the ninepenny Fantasy pamphlet by Mr. Anthony Thwaite; though she is much more mature and accomplished. But the work of both poets reflects a contemporary Oxford manner, which is reflective, which aims at control of themes, modesty of attitude, purity of diction. Mrs. Ridler, in her introduction to Miss Jennings's volume, suggests an influence on her from Dr. Edwin Muir; there is an influence on Dr. Muir himself from Yeats, from a Yeats who gains logical strictness in Dr. Muir's verse but loses some of his colour and fierceness, and it is a criticism of Miss Jennings's, perhaps, that if one were looking for that colour and fierceness, at a third remove, in her verse, one might feel they had been filtered out altogether. Faced with her "firm restraint," one doesn't exactly ask, "But where's the bloody horse?" but one does wish her reach would sometimes exceed her grasp. Here is a fair sample of her tone and preoccupations:

> And she discards the self she once would call
> Her only self, seems gone entire and all
> Given in patience, given in peace to love . . .

So Miss Jennings often writes about love, love as a religious experience involving self-sacrifice, and love of course *is* partly that; and these lines are typical too of her lucid, graceful diction. But is it caddish to find the lines a little smug? If a woman were to talk to me about giving herself in "patience" (with the overtone in that word of suffering) and in "peace" (thus introducing into the bedchamber a hushed religious gloom), I might feel ungallantly inclined to ask her whether she was not after all getting what she wanted. Miss Jennings, in a word, is a young poet of great promise but too apt to think of making love as a solemn and edifying activity, like going to church, and not something pleasurable. Her attitudes would be enriched by an irony which she has enough complication of syntax to impart. Miss MacInnes provides the exact needed contrast. She is as jagged and explosive a writer as her title suggests, her poems often are in danger of being torn apart by wild images, but when she takes love for her theme I feel she is communicating experience, not preaching at me:

> I am cut, I am slain, a masthead.
> A train rumbles over, full of lights and talking.
> Couples are walking by my night shores.
> None knows where I am lying.

She is a ship's mast (momentarily alive like a tree, the tree momentarily sentient like a human being);

a woman lying awake ; a sea or an island, according to your perspective on "shores"; and again a woman lying awake alone (but perhaps also a lost continent or island, or a sunken ship). Such imagery has none of Miss Jennings's planned consistency. But this is how pain does speak, snatching disparate identities. Both these books should certainly be read.

Mr. Causley is a more traditional, more generally accessible poet, then either of these. Sometimes he might even be described as "rollicking" or "going with a swing"—as in an admirable treatment of the theme of the irresponsible young man in Herodotus :

> I shall stand on my head on the table bare,
> I shall kick my lily-white legs in the air,
> I shall wash my hands of the whole affair,
> I don't care !

Both Miss Jennings and Miss MacInnes might claim to be "extending our sensibility" in some way ; what Mr. Causley does is familiar, it may even seem old-fashioned, but he does it very well. Mr. Gunn is perhaps the best of the younger Cambridge poets, but I am not sure how far I would be willing to argue that case on his Fantasy selection. It shows him in a tough or neo-Nietzschean mood, and the danger of that mood is that one may find oneself laughing at the hero, not with him :

> When it was over he pulled his trousers on.
> "Demon lovers must go," he coldly said . . .

Well, really ! Mr. Thwaite is quiet, reflective, tasteful, and asks rhetorical questions that do not make sense without more circumstantial background than he provides :

> Or which of these is harmed
> By such calm waiting to change map and course ?

I feel that rather generally among young Oxford poets smooth reflection comes too easily, and is not tested harshly enough by gritty circumstance.

Of the two magazines, *Poetry and Poverty* is handsomely printed and edited, by Mr. Dannie Abse, with enterprise and taste. The format of *Stand* strikes me as at once pretentious and rather pathetically shoddy, and the critical prose has the sloppiness that comes over even good young writers when they are not worrying about an outside audience. Yet there are good poems, there is an awkard sincerity, and *Stand* is worth looking at for the sense it conveys of the embittered, bewildered, catacomb-like life so many young poets now lead.

G. S. Fraser

THE POLITICS OF HEALTH

The Healing Arts. By Kenneth Walker. *Muller.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Disease and its Conquest. By G. T. Hollis. *Oxford.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The only really cheerful history is the history of medicine. In fact, general history, the chronicle of social and group struggle, will probably only become really cheerful reading when it becomes a branch of the history of medicine. Meanwhile, the public watch (and benefit from) the evolutions of the doctors much as Samuel Butler's congregation followed the sermon—as a display of fascinating aerobatics. The fascination comes from interest, fear, personal concern, and a number of other impulses. It can be, and is, a most useful ally in conducting medical education.

On most points it would be hard to find a writer who knows better how to do this than Kenneth Walker. He is a really good expositor, who carries you along with a mixture of accuracy and common sense until bang !—one suddenly strikes a mine. Nine-tenths of his book would be hard to better—sensible accounts of the main problems, the main methods of treatment, the main possibilities—a balanced account, for example, of the present state and prospects of homo-grafting, a sensible assessment of psycho-analysis in treatment. But the tenth part is enough to make one think twice in recommending the book—the critical, but not nearly sufficiently critical, bringing-in of dianetics, of Lakhovsky and his waves, and a final grand plunge into all the old, sorry, neo-Malthusian bosh about over-population. "Preferring a possible death by violence to a certain death by hunger, the starving masses swarm into their neighbour's territory," and so forth and so on. I know that this is a fashionable "scientific" line, but it is none the less, in the view of quite half the experts most qualified to judge, bosh. And here, in fact, is the crux—this standpoint is not science but a disguised political opinion. It is just as much a disguised political opinion, a piece of conditioning drawn from a *status quo*, as the blasts of Lysenko and his friends against the gene. Neo-Malthus is *our* Lysenko. One hopes he won't become official. Meantime it is precisely here that medicine is being tested, because it is in its grossly, vulgarly and crudely political connotations that the problem of health confronts us today. Malaria in Egypt or starvation in India—gastric ulcers in London or coronary disease in New York—even, one might add, since psychological medicine is no respecter of persons, the selection of officials whose attitude Walker condemns—all these problems are already solved or soluble at the level of pure medicine. They hang on to plague mankind for political reasons. Their persistence is due to the failure of medicine, not to become "political" in the restricted (and undesirable) sense, but to assume responsibility in fields of health where the pattern of society is the factor limiting progress. Dr. Walker, unorthodox as he is, and much as I endorse some of his more anarchic attitudes, accurately represents the weakness of science when it faces the layman today in an expository guise.

I do not quite know what Mr. Hollis's book is expected to achieve, for though it is accurate enough, it contains too little for the inquirer and too much routine matter for the informed. It also lacks (I don't think this is trade unionism) the doctor's consciousness that he must ask himself, in writing, "how will such-and-such a patient take this remark ? Whom will this worry needlessly ? Whom could this possibly mislead ?" It is not, in fact, misleading—but I don't see it finding a very wide niche in popular medical education, though I may be wrong.

Alex Comfort

TWO GOOD MEN

My Childhood. By Carl Nielsen. Translated by Reginald Spink. *Hutchinson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Pages from a Musician's Life. By Fritz Busch. Translated by Marjorie Strachey. *Hogarth.* 18*s.*

Painters always write well, musicians seldom. There is a reason : like the golfer, the painter has his eye on the ball. Relishing the shape and colour of the object described, he is aware of the same qualities in words; and his inquisitive, roving, outward eye is a livelier source of information than the inward, abstracted gaze of the composer. The latter, accustomed to prefix his movements with such directions as "andante espressivo" or "allegro ma non troppo," feels a deep sense of the vagueness and inadequacy of words : he sees them as symbols, paper money having little connection with the true currency of thirds and fourths, crotchets and quavers. Good composer-authors are therefore rare : half a dozen or so in the history of music.

Carl Nielsen is one of them. His brief and unpretentious account of his rustic childhood ranks in Denmark as a minor classic; and Reginald Spink's easy translation allows us to see why. Having secured the services of Mr. Spink, however, the publishers seem to have lost interest in the book : they tell us neither the name nor the date of the Danish original, and they have employed a blurb-writer who seems to think that Carl Nielsen is still alive—an impression nowhere contradicted. This is all the more unfortunate because the book deserves to reach readers who possess no other knowledge of its author. Those who admire Nielsen's music will recognise with pleasure the lineaments of a character—humorous, blunt, lyrical, easy-going—with which they

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HUTCHINSON

already feel themselves familiar. But we need not like his music, we need not even like music at all, in order to enjoy this vivid sketch.

Carl Nielsen was born in 1865 in the island of Fyn (or Funen); *Min fynske Barndom* was published in 1925, on his 60th birthday; he died in 1931. His childhood was hard and rough, but not unhappy. He seems always to have possessed the unsentimental response to the goodness of life which irradiates his mature art. When he encounters unkindness or evil, he makes no pretence about it, feels no resentment, only a candid curiosity. A violent carter

> would fill our ears with talk so course, filthy, and obscene that I am amazed at it to this day. What could have been his intention? Did he want to corrupt us? Not, I think, consciously. But what goes on in such a man?

What goes on? That question is very typical of the author. He unfolds before us, with a simplicity which never descends into self-conscious charm, the child's expanding world: family life, farmhouse meals, animals, friendly workmen, small momentous expeditions. He recaptures the baking, windless summer days which we can all remember from our own childhood, and which seem so mysteriously to come no more!

> One of my hands hung over the edge of a pit and it could feel how the sun had warmed the crumbling soil. A distant sheep bleated for water, but it only made me drowsier, like a bit of a lullaby. All around was a humming and a rustling of sundry beetles and ladybirds, crawling in the burnt grass or taking flight . . . . It was as though all the world were singing a fine tune . . . . We lay like wheat after the harvest, without thought, without will, enchanted by Nature's strange brew of sound and smell, of sun and warmth.

Nielsen came of a large peasant family; his father was a house-painter who supplemented his small earnings by playing the fiddle at rustic gatherings. The family life was happy; there is a fascinating glimpse of a grandmother who "had the effect on you of a warm little oven that has suddenly come to life and is being directed about the house by a wizard . . . . When she touched us we would feel as deliciously contented as birds in the nest or suckling animals all snuggled up together." There was music on both sides of the family; and at the age of 14 the little Carl got a job as bandsman in a local infantry regiment, which was the first step to Copenhagen and national fame. His international fame has been posthumous, and this book, as wholesome as a good brown loaf, will add to it. A translation of his only other publication, the volume of essays called *Living Music*, is announced by the same publisher.

Like Nielsen, Fritz Busch and his violinist brother, Adolf, came of peasant musician stock. Their father was a rolling stone, a carpenter with a flair for making and repairing musical instruments, who also played the violin at local festivities: ideal circumstances, it seems, for the development of musical genius. Busch's autobiography has no claim to be a work of art; but it is a pleasant record of a life wholly absorbed in music, and it clearly reveals the author's upright, uncompromising character which in 1933 brought him into instant head-on collision with Nazi Germany. From this ordeal he emerged with his honour untarnished; and a last sad photograph shows him, with his son, looking out of a train window at the Germany he is about to leave for ever.

The account in this book of Busch's years at the Dresden opera (1922-1933), a period comparable in some ways with Mahler's Viennese epoch or Toscanini's regime at La Scala, is fascinating, but all too short; it would have been nice to have, in an appendix, casts of the 75 operas and ballets produced during those golden years. There are many good stories, a fair portrait of Strauss in his weakness and his strength, and a eulogy of the future Frau Emmy Goering ("the most enchanting woman imaginable . . . we took to her with open arms"), which, from this source, we are bound to respect. The main surprise about Busch himself is the violence of his early prejudice in favour of absolute music and against Italian opera. In 1918, having accepted the directorship of the Stuttgart Opera, he heard *La Traviata*, apparently for the first time, and found it horrifyingly trivial; yet within a few years he was to become one of the leaders of Germany's Verdi revival. His instrumental background made him intolerant of the low standards of ensemble which generally prevail in opera; but it did not make him, as it has made others, insensitive to vocal skill and beauty of tone. At Dresden he gathered round him a group of young singers hardly to be matched elsewhere at that time.

With his departure from Germany the book, unfortunately, ends: Busch's sudden death in 1951 prevented him from writing the sequel which, if only because of Glyndebourne, would have particularly interested the English reader.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

INDIAN PAINTING

Modern Indian Painting. By P. R. RAMACHANDRA RAO. *Rachana, Madras.* 37 *rupees* 8 *annas.*

Modern Indian painting, which embraces a bewildering range of styles, has many practitioners but comparatively few masters. The confusion is to some extent an inheritance, and Mr. Ramachandra Rao rightly takes as his starting point the Bengal School, founded about 1900 by the English rebel E. B. Havell and his disciple Abanindranath Tagore (nephew of the poet). The so-called Bengal School was not in fact a provincial movement in the narrow sense nor was it a "school," but a movement which inspired the entire renaissance of art in modern, nationalist-minded India. It was born of the recognition that Western methods of education in India had resulted in a rift between the rootless academicism of the "educated" classes on the one hand, and the anonymous traditional art of the indigenous craftsman on the other. Havell, the movement's theorist, led the revolt against this Westernisation and appealed for a "renewal of the native living tradition."

To this extent Havell and his contemporaries rendered an important service, which Mr. Rao justly acknowledges. The weakness of the movement they founded was not in its aims and intentions, but the course recommended for putting them into effect. "The remedy," wrote Havell, "lies not in making Indian artists more literate in the European sense nor in manufacturing regulation pattern books according to Anglo-Indian taste, but in making the literate, educators and educated, conscious of the deficiencies of their own education."

In fact, the rift was not only educational but arose from a breakdown of the old Indian order of life. It was a symptom, not the cause; and a merely educational remedy could only lead to revivalism. Moreover, Havell's vague hopes of a renewal of native tradition implied a failure to understand the distinction between the unconscious craftsman of traditional Indian art who worked out of habit, his mind more or less static and unaffected by his creations and by the world around him, and the modern self-conscious artist. Ignorance of the nature of the problem, inevitably produced inconsistencies of theory and practice. Instead of turning to what Havell specifically defined as the "native *living* tradition" (a point missed by Mr. Rao), the painters of the Bengal School focused their attention upon the court-cultures of a dead and almost forgotten past: in particular upon the Ajanta frescoes and Mughal miniatures. Thus, one kind of eclecticism was substituted for another.

The problems raised but never resolved by the Bengal School are still the problems of the Indian painter today. However, lacking any new movement to give guidance (such labels as the Calcutta Group and the '43 Group have never conveyed more than the vaguest programmes), artists have been content to work out their problems individually and on a personal level. To the outsider the three most outstanding are Jamini Roy, Amrita Sher Gil and George Keyt, whose works, though in the best sense Indian and modern, can never be regarded as in any sense representing a national style.

As a general introduction, Mr. Rao's book both helps and confuses. It helps by putting modern Indian painting into traditional perspective; but it confuses by an uncritical presentation of too many artists. A more discerning selection with fewer but larger plates would have doubled the value of the book. The twenty-three colour plates are of tolerable quality, but again rather ill-chosen.

JOHN IRWIN

NEW NOVELS

Limbo '90. By BERNARD WOLFE. *Secker & Warburg.* 15*s.*

The Kraken Wakes. By JOHN WYNDHAM. *Michael Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

She's Right. By DIARMID CATHIE. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

From somewhere in outer space a Thing is trying to communicate with us, trying, perhaps, to come closer, to enter, even, the atmosphere of Earth, in which literature lives. The Thing is called science fiction, and already its tentacles, obscurely plastic, have probed their way into serious discussion. Personally I have never, until now, read a work of science fiction which would have any serious appeal to an adult mind, excepting possibly *The Time Machine*. *Limbo* '90, however, is meat for grown-ups, and not gum for children in space suits. It is a long book, but it is worth some space to describe.

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tropical island, where Dr. Martine, a deserter from World War III, has been living for twenty years. During this time he, a specialist in brain surgery, has brought modern science to aid the local custom of carrying out lobotomy upon aggressive members of the community. For the locals, the Mandunji, value a quiet life above all. With "mandunga," however—as they call lobotomy—the orgasm goes the same way as aggressiveness. So Mr. Wolfe creates his primary symbols, and opens his investigation of the question: Peace at any price.

Is peace worth the loss of manhood? Is aggression so profound a constituent of humanity that a world of men lacking aggression would not be a human world? In the world which Martine has deserted, and to which, in 1990, he returns, an experiment has been undertaken. It is still divided between Russia and America, but in order to ensure against further war men have disarmed themselves to the limit, by amputation. Not all men, and not all limbs; quadro-amps form an aristocracy. Yet while one section of quadro-amps sets the highest value upon utter helplessness, another uses artificial limbs which are far more powerful and dexterous than those they have lost. We have, nevertheless, a "mandunji" civilisation, or an attempt to create one by men who have said No to war, as Martine himself had done long ago in deserting. In fact, Martine finds that a notebook of his own, and his own supposed heroic death, have made him both the Marx and the martyr of the cult of Immob.

Perhaps I have carried description far enough, for the fact is that Mr. Wolfe makes his Mandunji-Immob points several times over in the course of his rather over-long disquisition. *Limbo '90* is a book full of feeling in parts, and of brilliance in other parts, and sometimes of both together—an odd, clever, high-spirited book with a curious power to draw its readers into a private vision of the future. It is extremely well-documented. Mr. Wolfe, as he acknowledges in notes, has leant heavily upon the works of Norbert Wiener, Max Weber, Dostoievski, Freud, Groddeck, Theodor Reik, Edmund Bergler. What he has done in fact—as he proclaims—is to take the curves of the first half of our century and extrapolate them into the second. He is perfectly well aware that this method cannot tell us what 1990 will be like; perhaps a little less aware that his curves, as well as being brief, all seem to pass through a curiously limited field, the most specialised part of the field of interest of a mid-century American intellectual.

Yet if you want to see how intelligent a book it is, you have only to turn to *The Kraken Wakes*, a piece of science-fiction routine in which Things from outer space plunge into the deepest parts of the oceans, there to find the extreme pressure which they need to support existence, and to turn upon mankind. Here, as in his last book, *The Day of the Triffids*, Mr. Wyndham is too lavish with ideas; the idea of the seas rising by a hundred feet and more would have made a book in itself, and perhaps given *The Kraken Wakes* a continuity and coherence which it sadly lacks. As it is we have a good deal too much fiction—very feeble fiction it is too, about a radio journalist and his wife—and not half enough science.

Unzipping our space suits, we find ourselves in New Zealand, a country which I have always imagined to be delightful. Yet the only recent novel about New Zealand which I remember off-hand—*The Witch's Thorn* by Ruth Park—I described in this column as "A brilliant essay in Colonial disgust, in *cafard*, in *la nausée*," and the same description would apply to *She's Right*. An English actor, with a weakness for women and drink, has a job coaching a Dramatic Circle in some awful little hole in the South Island. He is horribly bored, he gets into trouble, more stout-and-plonk, another affair, and in the end disaster. A little stagy, perhaps, this ending, yet *She's Right* is a freezingly accurate piece of work, painful, funny, sordid and real.

J. D. SCOTT.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Railwaymen's Gallery. By ROGER LLOYD. *Allen & Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Canon Lloyd writes for the simple love of smoke and steam. He does not always write well: his enthusiasm is apt to run away with his English. But his enthusiasm is his charm, for he has a knack of presenting, along with his rich knowledge of railway fact and lore, his own delighted and delightful personality. His new book consists of eight essays, six of which range from the remote to the recent past of various British lines. His analysis of the Highland Railway's performance in the last war, and of the magic influence exerted by 36 of Stanier's 4-6-0's on the torrent of war materials—timber and herrings, milk and mines—that it was called upon to handle, is both a moving tribute to a great locomotive designer and a revealing insight into the humdrum realities on which strategy depends. In a different and earlier sphere, his chapters on the Euston empire at the height of its fortunes and misfortunes in the mid-nineteenth century open a novel field of railway study, for in describing its leading figures—manipulators, administrators, engineers, like Huish, Moon and Webb—he is less concerned with their reported public actions than with the internal play of power between them; with the clash of their relations with each other and with the men they often generously but always autocratically ruled.

It is this human aspect of the railway saga, past and present, that fascinates Canon Lloyd. From boardroom to signal-box he paints them all in his warm-hearted pages: philosophic drivers, cocky young firemen, chubby inspectors, lean-jawed superintendents. And whether they died a hundred years ago in the service of the South Staffordshire or are very much alive on the London Midland Region today, they are all his friends.

Still-Water Angling. By RICHARD WALKER. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 18*s.*

Scientist angler, with an impressive knowledge of such obscure matters as thermoclines and their effect on fish, Richard Walker has contributed to the rapidly growing "still-water" section of the fisherman's library a charming, as well as helpful and instructive book. Like all fishermen worthy of their bait, he is interested not in the vulgar achievement of a huge basket—O, those revealing trays of undersized trout in Highland hotels!—but in the capture of big, and hence wary and elusive fish. So far as trout are concerned, he modestly disavows ability to add much to the recent book by a Mr. Tom Ivens, but he gives some tips for night-spinning—involving the use of a dead mouse or large frog—which should be well worth trying, whatever the members of the Houghton Club may say. It is in the angling for so-called "coarse" fish—an odd misnomer for a sport which requires the use of fine tackle—that Mr. Walker is pre-eminently expert; and it is to his rod that the Keeper of the Aquarium in Regent's Park owes his possession of a 44-lb carp. His advice on tackle and techniques is uniformly excellent; and one great merit in his book is the emphasis he places on the need for studying the water and the local feeding habits of big fish, rather than on prodigious skill in casting. What completes, for one reviewer, the pleasure given by this book is the author's confession to one night at least of poaching—aided and abetted by a clergyman.

Pierced Hearts and True Love. By HANNS EBENSTEN. *Verschoyle.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

"An illustrated history of the origin and development of European tattooing and a survey of its present state" is the description on the title-page. Brief (just less than a hundred pages) though this history is, it fascinates. In the first paragraph we learn that tattooed symbols of the Egyptian war-goddess Neith, dating back 3,000 years, survive in North Africa today; Herodotus has a tale of secret information conveyed through the enemy lines by a messenger whose head had been shaved and tattooed, and the hair then left to grow; Constantine forbade facial tattooing as a disfigurement of God's own image; a drawing of John White (which might well have been included) reveals the delicate curving of blue-black dots on an Eskimo woman's face; and so to the appearance of overdecorated wonders on the world's fair-grounds and the stuffy parlour especially beloved of sailors. The practice is today not so much dying out as degenerate. Art and naive charm: neither quite catches the eye as it did.

But what strange riches of skin-decoration this book displays—crucifixions, and butterflies, Japanese devils and Queen Victoria, seductive ladies and Mother's tombstone, trade-marks, Christian names, mottoes, flags, an eye on a left buttock, an eagle across the shoulder that flaps its wings as the arms are raised and lowered! The motive for self-display seems to be sexual, and akin to initiation rites, and is far commoner in men than in women. Mr. Ebensten includes a bibliography for those who wish to pursue the subject, and his many illustrations are a delight.

Wordsworth and Coleridge 1795-1834. By H. M. MARGOLIOUTH. *Oxford.* 6*s.*

The Prelude was known amongst Wordsworth's friends as his "Poem to Coleridge," Mr. Margoliouth reminds us; but on the marriage of two great minds of which the poem is the progeny and monument he does not have a lot to say. His book is, rather, about the friendship of two extraordinary people; and as far as that goes it is a placid, good-humoured narrative, with some comments and only a few hard knots of dates and itineraries. Nor is it a criticism to say that Dorothy Wordsworth guides his pen much of the time—she was around more than anyone else.

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Yet, if the interchange of ideas that went on between his elect poets does not occupy Mr. Margoliouth very much, he is too fond of their poetry not to discuss it at some length. It is his mistake all the same. Descriptively, his view of poetry is, so to speak, a purely vertical one: he is concerned only with its sources in the poet's personal circumstances. The horizontal view—the view of it as part of a linguistic-literary tradition into which the poet is born—he never touches upon, though his very first paragraph forces one to ask, for example, such a relevant question as "Why did Coleridge admire Wordsworth's early poems several years before they met?" Meanwhile his opinion that Wordsworth is the greatest English poet since Milton is one that he seems rather angrily to assume that his readers will acquiesce in unquestioningly. So his book as a whole leaves one rather clearer on details, but on major matters, far more unsatisfied.

Modern Ireland. By HUGH SHEARMAN. *Harrap.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The English have sadly neglected Irish history, and the Irish themselves conspicuously lack the gift of historical perspective. In Ireland, indeed, any event earlier than the 18th century belongs to a prehistoric era. There are learned histories, written within living memory, where the main date-line is *Anno Mundi*, the year of the world. It follows that, out of an immemorial antiquity, the only significant period for the historian of Ireland is the last two hundred and fifty years; and this is the period covered by Mr. Shearman's compact little book.

So far as he goes, Mr. Shearman's facts are unimpeachable. And if his selection and presentation of them betray a slight Belfast bias, yet he has made an evident and praiseworthy attempt at impartiality; and since in the majority of books on modern Ireland the bias is all the other way, his little book is to be recommended

George Whitefield the Awakener. By ALBERT D. BELDEN. *Rockliff.* 30*s.*

This book, first printed in 1930 and now revised, is a good example of the difference between history and biography. A historian, dealing with the great eighteenth-century evangelist, companion and rival of John Wesley and pioneer of revivalism in England, Scotland, Wales and America, would be concerned chiefly in fitting Whitefield into his age, and showing his relationship to developments in theology, mental and emotional climate, ecclesiastical organisation, social and economic life, and philanthropy. To a biographer all these are subordinate to the human interest; he identifies himself with his hero, and regards the background as raw material, sometimes favourable but mostly stubborn, for his hero's activities.

Dr. Belden, once minister of Whitefield's Tabernacle in London and himself a noted preacher and social idealist, is an enthusiastic biographer. Naturally he admires his great predecessor, and tells a vivid story of his untiring evangelical and philanthropic labours and his astonishing power of moving the multitude. The background is less critically examined; we have the conventional story of negligent clergy and neglected poor, which is not really the whole atmosphere of the eighteenth century. In the closing section Dr. Belden discusses, in a candid and constructive way, how far biblical criticism and modern psychology have affected Christian evangelism, and pleads that Whitefield's message of individual salvation shall now be completed by a gospel of social righteousness.

Country Wines. By MARY AYLETT. *Odhams.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

There are many inducements to the cultivation of this harmless mania—the merely nostalgic, the poetic-alchemical, the Freudian (an excuse for playing with water), the ethical-therapeutic (waiting on Nature), the olfactory, the musical (that delicious crepitation in the baking-bowl), the medical, avaricious and political the dislike, in fact, of being poisoned at a high price for the profit of brewers, distillers and wholesale wine-merchants. There is also a true connoisseur's side to the matter—the Tokay vineyards and the Château d'Yqem cannot, at any rate, produce you a dessert wine *like* that which may be made from elderflowers.

This is not, as the publishers (tentatively, it is true) claim, quite the only book—there is, for instance, Peggy Hutchinson's. It is certainly the only one by a woman of some literary and culinary sophistication, who yet remains charmingly (and, one hopes, tipsily) didactic. The drawings, too, are rather amusing. They are by Will Nickless. The book has faults of self-contradiction—so that one seems to see the hand of an invisible collaborator in certain chapters; of history and ethnology uncritically accepted from the most popular and fallacious sources; of the reiteration of the same points against puritans, scientists, the licensing laws, the modern world. There are recipes *improbate* by the author and others which she rejects, printed only for their quaintness. Yet it all adds up to a finely truculent, cranky, importunate, sufficiently informative, gay and occasionally sensitive book which may be the first of a flood.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,223

Set by G. de Vavasour

New colours chosen for London bus tickets when fares go up on August 16th are: 1d. salmon; 2d. white; 2½d. primrose; 3d. (early morning singles) pink and overprinted EMS; 3d. (on routes 86, 87, 174 and 247) white with geranium edges; 3½d. blue; 4d. (early morning single) apple green and overprinted EMS; 5d. orange; 7d. brown; 8½d. yellow; 10d. green; 1s. magenta; 1s. 1d. lilac; 1s. 3d. grass green. Prizes are offered for a sonnet in the *symboliste* manner, inspired by this news. Entries by August 11th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,220

Set by T. Shandy

"The West Beach, though a little shingly . . ." The usual prizes are offered for the most untempting extracts from guides to imaginary British seaside resorts. Limit, 150 words.

Report by T. Shandy

The wrong kind of entry was a straightforward, glowing description of a resort whose only snag was that it wasn't the sort of place that cultured *N.S. & N.* readers are supposed to like—jazz bands, Negro minstrels, fun-fairs and dodg'ems. But the game, surely, as to catch the note of artless sincerity of the guidebook writer who does not realise when he is giving the show away, or who really does feel that the interest of the jelly-fish, boarding-house Gothic, or crumbling rocks, outweighs their horrors. Mrs. Field did quite well in the giving-away line: "Great excitement is caused when a catch is made," so did Bibby—"the sturdy independence of its shopkeepers and landladies"—but they were easily outclassed by a genuine extract (submitted by Mrs. Kissin) from a French Government brochure on Normandy's attractiveness for the Englishman: "the moist, damp climate, and even, though he will not always admit it, the comportment of the inhabitants, all remind him of home."

Good examples of the putting-a-brave-face attitude were:

. . . while the geologist will be fascinated to watch the coast-line of England altering before his eyes, as the soft chalk cliffs are liable at any time to break away in huge boulders on to the foreshore . . . (MRS. LAWSON)

. . . the town museum is particularly rich in fossils and rejoices in a wealth of Indian *objets d'art*, bequeathed by a former Mayor . . . (D. N. DALGLISH)

. . . tennis and bowls are available on greens made famous by the Ministry of Agriculture's rice-growing experiment . . . (J. G. D. WALKER)

. . . up-to-date Sewage Farm. This picturesque and useful undertaking, testifying as it does to the marvels of both floriculture and modern sanitary engineering, serves as a living monument to the genius of our first Borough Engineer, Sir William Glapfoot—he was knighted for his services to grafting and drainage . . . (GONZALO)

Three guineas to J. P. Stevenson—who almost wins it for his final particulars alone—and a guinea and a half each to M. B. Shaw and Rhoda Tuck Pook.

Abergoch was known to the Romans for pottery made from the shale cliffs that gave it its ancient name of Portus Subfuscus. Conveniently situated on a branch of the main Penrhyndeudraeth-Festiniog railway, as distinguished an artist as Eniett has declared that "art could not improve on nature at this unspoilt anchorage"; while medical opinion is agreed that the beach possesses health-giving properties that "golden" sand entirely lacks. Every natural amenity is available, and for the scientifically-minded a visit to the Royal Naval dynamite factory at Llandiafol forms a pleasant excursion. In favourable weather conducted rock-climbing (at own risk) can be undertaken on the slopes of Moel-y-Bwnt, except during actual firing at the Pont-y-Bwnt artillery ranges. Recent improvements include deep-water sewerage, and the commodious Coronation Caravan Campus.

Lic. prem., Railway Arms. *Cin.*, Tue. and Fri. *Pl. worshp.*, 14. J. P. STEVENSON

The development of B—— in 1872 was due to the discovery by Nurse Emma Williams of therapeutic qualities in the waters. That these qualities were proved to be caused by nothing more than the seepage of sea-water into the wells halted the building project, thus creating a picturesque and unique uniformity of architectural style.

A bastion of England in the last war, many coastal defences are still *in situ* and add to the romantic charm of the beach, though providing something of a hazard to bathers. This beach affords a stimulating prospect of our mercantile might as fleets of steamers round the headland. This sight amply compensates for the pools of waste oil found on sands and shingle, and this mineral oil appears to attract certain kinds of marine life, which are found in abundance, making the waters a natural vivarium for the study of many kinds of jellyfish. M. B. SHAW

Pebbly owes its quaintness to Lord Blebb's Victorian effort to revive a medieval "fysherie"; grampfish, the local delicacy, is a taste which, once acquired, cannot easily be lost. Newcomers will perceive the unusual pungency of the ozone, and the district has the most modern sewage disposal works in the country.

Visitors need not fear bad weather, being able to obtain season tickets for the funfair primarily run for the holiday-makers who inundate the neighbourhood from the nearby foundry town of Gorblastem. There are picturesque rocks, submerged at high tide, and the currents, though treacherous, add exquisite colour to the seascape. Artists come to Pebbly for the unusual cloud effects, frequent thunderstorms breaking suddenly over The Squid (859 ft.) a mile distant. Many visitors have said on leaving Pebbly that having once sampled its air and attractions they returned home well content. RHODA TUCK POOK

CHESS: Gilding the Ladder

No. 200

Since it so happens that the nice round figure at the top of this column coincides with one of the year's four holiday weekends we can celebrate the event in the commendably unsentimental and practical manner of wangling an extra inch or two of space, thus to add some substance and zest to that

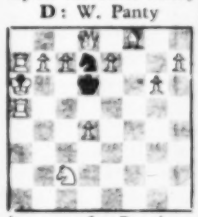
A: Kohtz and Kockelkorn

B: F. Brown

beanfeast of ladder-point-garnering, traditional for Easter, Whitsun, August Bank Holiday, and Christmas. **A** seems to be the easiest of the lot and rather generously rated with 5 points. The question is how Black can thwart White in living up to his rash announcement of a mate in 4 by the simple process of B-Kt2-R3-B8-Kt7. Is it really as simple as all that? How—if I may mix my metaphors and clichés a bit—how can Black prolong his agony by throwing a spanner in the works? **B** is quite pretty to look at, but it looks ever so much prettier when the required mate in 7 has been achieved in such a way that no black P is taken. This is the author's injunction, and if I add the very helpful hint that he called this piece "The Casket," competitors should find it to produce a fairly easy 6 towards the grand total of 55 points to be garnered this weekend. **C**, on the other hand,

C: A. Troitzky

D: W. Panty



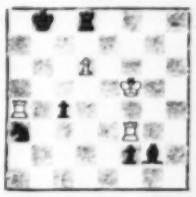
may not be quite the bargain it seems for 7 points. How easy it would be if this bewildering conclave of Bishops were not quite so colour-blind with regard to the White squares. Anyway, White manages to win, and against the best defence it is a mate in 9. Since sui-mates seem to have caught the fancy of so many competitors, **D** is a particularly nice specimen; for the newcomers I had better explain that White is to commit suicide, as it were, by forcing Black to mate him in 4 moves. This might not be over-rated with 7 points but for the very useful hint that the right to promote a P to any of four pieces is neatly exemplified in this problem. The next 7 points will probably be unearned income for the more experienced competitors, and certainly so for the problem-addicts among them; for **E**—a mate in 5—is one of the most famous classics in Chess litera-

E: Sam Loyd

F: Henri Rinck 1932

ture. For the uninitiated I will provide the broad hint that the QBP, however modest he may look at the beginning, is destined for a great career. Being quite fanciful and yet an exquisitely sound 5-mover, Loyd's masterpiece seems to provide suitable transition from midsummer madness to the solid meat of some honest endgame studies which our more earnest competitors have a right to expect even in a holiday number. Since **F**—White to win—is one of Rinck's most celebrated pieces it is bound to provide another easy seven for our more erudite competitors; but they will be glad to see it again, and others will find it instructive no less than delightful. As for **G**—White to draw—and **H**—White to win—I trust they will not be known even to our cracks; nor should they be overrated at 8 points each.

G: M. S. Liburkin 1930



H: W. A. Korolkov 1934

Usual prizes. Entries by August 10.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set July 11

A: (1) Kt x QP!, B x Kt? (2) Q-R8 ch!, B x Q, (3) R x B mate.
B: (1) B-B4, P-K7 ch, (2) B x P, P-Q4, (3) B-Q1, P-R4, (4) B-Kt3, P-Kt6, (5) B x P, P-Kt7 ch, (6) B x P mate.
C: (1) B-Kt7, R-R2, (2) K-Kt4!, K x Kt, (3) K-R5, Kt-B4, (4) B x B, R x P ch, (5) K-Kt5, R-R7, (6) B-K5, R-KB7, (7) B-B4, Kt-Q5, (8) B-K3, R-B4 ch, (9) K-Kt4, R-Q4, (10) K-B4, K-Kt3, (11) K-K4, K-B4, (12) K-Q3, etc.
if (5) . . . R-QKt3, (6) B-K5, Kt-K2, (7) B-Q4, etc.

Many perfect or near-perfect entries. Prizes shared by E. Allan, C. Allen, J. R. Harman, C. Sandberg, T. Wadsworth. *Londoners' 11th move P-QB3. Non-Londoners' 12th due by August* 5th. ASSIAC

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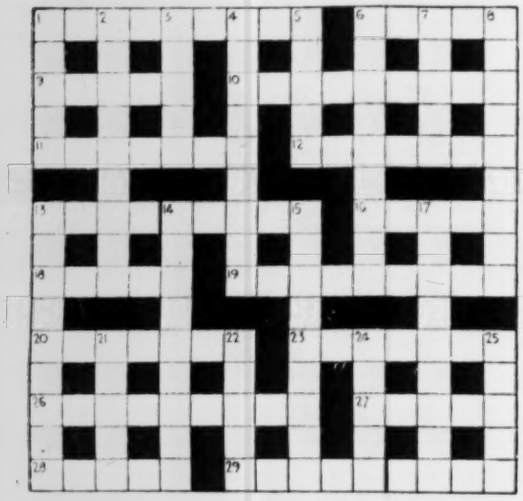
Week-end Crossword No. 59

Prizes: Three book tokens of 10s. 6d. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 59, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on 11th August.



ACROSS

1. A book for company (9).
6. Walked in deference to a copper (5).
9. One who misses a shot (5).
10. Twist thickets for vehicles (9).
11. Notice the whip, so provide protection for the pupils (7).
12. Material to shout back after her (7).
13. Democratic poetry? (4, 5).
16. Stop and give the brief paper back to the graduate (5).
18. Secretion of a siren (5).
19. Cut out the true page ten (9).
20. The truce may be broken after the French lesson (7).
23. College in genuine state of repair (7).
26. To provide equipment have a good look round a capital (9).
27. Sinister Frenchman who told stories (5).
28. Bill has the President at heart (5).
29. Others had a margin of victory (5, 4).

DOWN

1. Means of regulating a passage (5).
2. She-devils in disorders (9).
3. The morning air would upset her (5).
4. Exponent of the slow movement when the orchestra is reorganised (9).
5. Fold up about a hundred symbols of authority (5).
6. Useless traveller (9).
7. Flatter slow progress (5).
8. Thus the animal is in the river, so make it dry (9).
13. The weapons of girls with flaming hair? (9).
14. Front-line vehicles (9).
15. Language with Old English parents (9).
17. Sounds like a miserly trick in the interval (9).
21. He wrote about robots (5).
22. Letters on a collar (5).
24. A thing for darkness (5).
25. Medal for the wounded (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 57

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 57

Mrs. M. B. Nicholas (Menton-Garavan, France), O. B. Silver (Henley), A. M. Inglis (Glasgow).

PERSONAL

ACCOMMODATION offered in return for help with 16-month child. Box 1035.

4TH member (m) wtd. undergrad. hitch-hiking pty. N. Africa. Aug. 17. Box 1036.

TWO young ladies will share exps./driving car to Italy by/before Aug. 22. Also return from Italy Sept. 5/6. Box 1038.

UNIV. stud. (30) wants outdoor job Aug. or idea cheap holiday. Box 1043.

SRN (mother) welcomes children temporarily/permanently; lovely country house; lawns, gardens; near schools. Happy home atmosphere. 2-3gns. weekly. Mrs. Sherrett, "South View," Bradninch, Devon.

BECHSTEIN Piano, upright, overstrung, lately renov., excel. condn., £70. No dealers.—21 Onslow Cl., Worthing. Tel. 1199.

NORFOLK Broads: Six-berth yacht (aux. engine) available August 22-29. Party unable to take up booking. Box 1015.

RESEARCH worker (psychol.) offers English conversation in exchange for German or Russian. Box 1016.

SRN (Guild Cert.) offers part-time services for accom. for herself, husband and expected baby. W. or N.W. Box 994.

CAMBRIDGE M.A. seeks holiday post abroad; pref. with travel firm.—Box 876.

QUICK accurate typist offers 40 hours weekly exchange accom. pleasant coastal/rural district Aug. 29-Sept. 12. Box 975.

QUALIFIED Accountant (33), no capital, no connection, stifled by present work as Senior Clerk, is anxious for scope and initiative. Do Philanthropists still exist who would finance him or Accountants who would take him into partnership? Box 966.

DENTON Welch. Self-portrait (20gns.) and other paintings by this remarkable author/artist. Box 688.

WOMAN writer, mid-forties, will consider genuine literary proposition. Small capital available. London. Box 848.

CANADIAN (60) male, seeks 1 or 2 comps. (m.), painter; perhaps, tour Continent, Austin 30. Share expenses. Box 941.

CARAVAN to let, 4 berth, quiet private Essex site, S. Herts. Aug. 9-Sept. 12. £20 or 4gns. wk. WAT. 4370 or Box 972.

RUSSIAN taught Central London or call pupils' own homes. WES 2579 after 6 p.m.

FRENCH stud. (f.) 20, sks. centre Lon. room, shg. facs., exch. care children or housework. Chrs. Mon.-Fri. Free Oct 15. N. Farm, Studley, Woodmead Rd. Lyme Regis.

SPACIOUS Mayfair restaurant for evening hire. Special terms for regular contract. Write Box 951, Pratt & Co., 329 High Holborn, W.C.1.

GO abroad in driven 8-seater saloon, 6d. 1m. and £2 day. Box 88.

ANGLO-Spanish Press Bureau, 12 Duke St., St. James's, London, S.W.1. Press services, literary and trade, throughout South America & Spain. Also transls. into Spanish.

TENNIS Coaching by Kenneth Lo, former Chinese Davis Cup and Wimbledon player; develops your game so that each stroke will be admired. PRI. 8633 (Mr. Hui).

SOCIALISTS in administrative or managerial posts in firms manufacturing aircraft and aero-engines who believe in rationalisation of the industry are asked to write to Box 856.

PERSONAL—continued

DESIGN—the only monthly magazine reviewing British industrial design, brings news and illustrations of product design and developments at home and abroad, case histories and design policy in industry. 2s. a copy or 25s. for 12 issues, post free, from your newsagent or Design, 384 Tilbury House, Petty France, London, S.W.1. Send 2s. 3d. for specimen copy.

THERE'S always something worth-while doing (including doing nothing!) at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

SHOW Jumping to your friends on Ferrania film. Your snapshots are guaranteed to be the very best.

VERSES to order for (almost) any occasion. Moderate charges. Allan M. Laing, 19 Wavertree Nook Rd., Liverpool, 15.

EXTERNAL students—planning and assessment: see "Lecture Courses."

NATURE Cure in Action. Qualified Practitioners, discussions and demonstrations Organic farm & creative workshops. Brochure: Sec., Blunham House, Bedfordshire.

EXPRESS Yourself in saleable writing. No Sales—No Fees. Send for Free N. 1 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond St., London, W.1.

SINGERS in North London; work with Barbara Lander, G.R.S.M., L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M., expert accompanist and coach. Hampstead studio. Ring Pollards 3180.

BACKWARD Child. Classes & treatment in Marylebone for handicapped children of all ages. Particss.: Dr. Mona Rolfe, Ph.D., Flat 1, 27 Holland Park, W.11. Park 8400.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D 191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

AUTHORS and Artists, new or established, invited to contribute details of work for publication. Send name and address, not MSS etc., to Monktons, 140 Salisbury Square House, E.C.4.

PSYCHOLOGICAL treatment on private consultant lines. Partics. from Sec., London Centre for Psychotherapy, 11b Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St., London, W.1.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

REJUVENATE your French. Vocabulet cards. 7s. 6d. Florestan Company, 36 Downside Road, Sutton, Surrey.

NEW ANDS Reg. Nursing Home, Langley Hill, King's Langley, Herts. Tel. K.L. 2519/3133. For med., post-operative & convalescent patients. Reduced terms prof. people.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Bessize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

HYPERTENSION relieved through new therapy. Relaxing and stimulating nerve treatment. Osteopathy, Massage, Manipulation. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. WEL. 9600. Ask for brochure.

PSYCHOLOGIST, Mrs. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

GUITAR lessons. Technique/Theory/Harmony. Few v.r.'s. Chesnakov FLA. 4354.

PERSONAL—continued

AUSTRIAN Lakeside and Mountain Holiday, August 15-30. There is still time for you to join a gay informal party of professional people going to the Eichenheim near Kitzbuehel, the Walchsee near Kufstein Tyrol. Bathing, romantic mountain scenery, visits to the Kufstein and Salzburg Festivals. Inclusive cost from £28. Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

THE Ox on the Roof, King's Road, Chelsea, will be closed from August 10. Re-opening September 1.

HOUSE Parties and Week-ends: you can still take part in a gay holiday by the sea in Sussex or Cornwall or near Windsor. Interesting company, bathing, tennis, dancing. Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

JUAN Les Pins. Holidays in beautiful villa on sea front. Excellent cuisine. Villa Kismet, Blvd. Wilson, Juan Les Pins.

VENICE Festival. Our small parties spend four days in the city. Also visit Genoa, Florence & Dolomites. 15 days 49gns. Escorted throughout. Independent & escorted tours all countries. Allways Travel Serv., 17 Sicilian Ave., London, W.C.1. CHA. 6436/7.

KINGSTON Clinic, Edinburgh, 9. "The home of modern Nature Cure." Illustrated brochure gladly sent on request.

PS. Too early to think of skiing? Perhaps—but the present necessity of refusing many late Summer School applicants points a moral. Consider summer holidays in early spring and winter holidays in early autumn—anyway, why not write now to Harold Ingham, 15 St. John's Road, Harrow. (Ski programme in preparation.)

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

TANKERTON-on-Sea. The sunny, tranquil corner of Kent. Fiveways Hotel, Kingsdown Park. Ideal for discriminating folk. Large beautiful grounds, near sea. Comf., good food. Mod. Easy reach Canterbury. A.A. recomm. R.A.C. listed. Whitstable 3243.

BEAUTIFUL Countryside with comfort & good food. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, Sussex (Eastbourne line). Horeham Rd. 32.

FOR placid, lazy days in peaceful country surroundings . . . for delightful walks in the nearby Ashdown Forest . . . for comfort and good food . . . visit Kathleen Batten's Old Plow Hatch, near East Grinstead, 'phone Sharpthorne 17 for reservations.

EDINBURGH, West End. Mod. Atholl Hotel, 16 Rothesay Place, 3. CEN. 4871.

CHAGFORD, Devon. An endless variety of wonderful Dartmoor scenery. Moor Park Hotel, a delightful old Coaching House, for hospitality & comfort. Mod. amenities. Cocktail Bar. Riding; Trout Fishing. Central for runs to the coasts. A.A., R.A.C. Res. Props.: Rundle & Robinson. Tel.: 2202.

THAMES. Croft House, Burcot, near Abingdon, for a perfect river holiday. Oxford 8 miles. Boating, fishing, tennis, billiards. A.A., R.A.C. Clifton Hampden 232.

LAKE District. Magnificent mountain and lakes. Wastwater. Sea & golf at Seascale. Billiards, Table Tennis, Licd. Irton Hall Hotel, Holmrook, Cumb. Holmrook 42.

DO you seek a stay in attractive cottage with garden, beautiful walks & Continental food? You find it 40 miles from London at 6½gns. July-Aug., some vacancies. Sunset Cottage, Clovelly Road, Hindhead. Tel. 548.

LAKES Charm, old inns. Beaut. view. Mod. con. Recs. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 2334.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

STEANBRIDGE. Quiet guest house in lovely Cotswold valley welcomes people of all nationalities; unspoilt country; home-grown produce; breakfast in bed (optional). Finlayson, Steanbridge, nr. Stroud, Glos. (Tel.: Painswick 2312.)

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses—the Bide-a-While Book. 3s. 6d., postage 2d. from N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

CORNWALL, Port Isaac, Carn Haven Guest House, overlooking sea. H. & C. bedrooms. Farm produce, excel. food. Mod.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House in loveliest beauty spot, sea and country, on S. Coast. 3 minutes sandy beach; H. & C., Continental cooking; children welcomed. Golding, 52 Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

RYE. The Hope Anchor, R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Superb position in a lovely centre for Summer holidays. Rye 2216.

SMALL modern hotel, overlooking sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 2614.

"STATESMAN" readers on holiday meet their like at the Continental, 10 Alfred's Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea. (Illd. brochure.)

BUCKS. The "Tapping House" Hotel, Great Missenden, a charming and thoroughly comfortable XVIIth-century house in the lovely Chiltern Hills, just 1 hr. from London. All bedrooms h. & c. and cent. heated; excellent food; pleasant garden. Tel. 516.

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accomm. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. 5gns. wkly. Summer terms 6gns. Robertsbridge 148.

CONNEMARA. Cottage by sea. 4 bedrooms. Atlantic beaches, mountains in background. Good food. Full board £3 10s.; children half. Box 959.

DONEGAL Highlands. Bruckless House Hotel. Every conceivable comfort, on sea, excellent salmon, trout fishing, rough shooting. V. peaceful, superb cooking & cellar.

VILLAGES Magiques: £39 for 2 weeks to Sicily via Paris, Rome, Pompeii. Engs. C.I.T. (England), Ltd., 66 Haymarket, S.W.1.

CÔTE d'Azur. Holidays at moderate to exclusive terms. Typical Provençal hotel. Restaurant with first-class cuisine. All modern comforts. Special rates for Sept. & Oct. Illust. brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

PENSION Thélis. Pleasant garden, near Panthéon. 25s. daily. Reductions for meals not taken. 75 Rue du Cardinal Lemoine, Paris 5e.

HOTEL Royal-Bellevue, St. Cast, Côtes-du-Nord. The leading Hotel, right on the beach, friendly atmosphere. Excellent French cooking. Terms: end of August to Sept. 20, from 28s. all inclusive.

SPAIN: Costa Brava: Small modern pension facing sea; H.C. water, good cooking. Write: Bella Costa, Llafranch, Gerona.

CAP d'Antibes, hols. charming villa in own spacious grnds., all comf. B./B. from 21s. day. Mrs. Vines, Chateau des Alpes.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. Mus. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

CANTERBURY University College, New Zealand. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in French. The salary is at the rate of £800 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £950 per annum. Allowance is made for travelling expenses; duties to commence early 1954. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from The Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

THE University of Leeds. Department of History. The Council invites applications for a post of Assistant Lecturer in the Department of History at a salary on the scale £500 × £25—£550; preference will be given to candidates with a special interest in the 16th and 17th centuries. Applications (three copies), stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained), not later than September 1, 1953.

UNIVERSITY College of North Staffordshire. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer or Lecturer in Education, with especial responsibility for the Methods of Teaching History and for the History of Education, required in January, 1954. Candidates should have good qualifications and teaching experience in History. A higher degree in Education would be an advantage and candidates should be able to take part in courses in the Theory of Education. The salary range for Assistant Lecturers is £475 × £25—£525, and for Lecturers £550 × £50—£800 (Efficiency Bar) × £50—£1,100. If an appointment is made on the Lecturer scale, the salary will not be above £600. Application forms and further information may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Keele, Staffs, to whom applications should be returned not later than September 5, 1953.

B.B.C. requires Programme Assistant in German Service with responsibility to German Programme Organiser for certain non-topical and musical programmes. Thorough knowledge of written and spoken German, organising ability, good general knowledge of literature and music and ability to broadcast in German essential. British education an advantage. Salary £695 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with five annual increments to maximum £930 p.a. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "P.A.G.S., N.Stm.," within a week. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

COMMONWEALTH organisation has vacancy for executive assistant (female) to Administrative Officer; applicants, who must be within age limits 26-34 and of unmarried status, must hold good general educational qualifications, ability to control and supervise female staff and sound practical knowledge all aspects of office procedure; commencing salary £495 with annual increments; non-contributory pension scheme; interview considered on receipt of full details in own handwriting of qualifications, past experience and any other relevant information to Box 1010.

NATIONAL Children's Home, Ryall's Court, Seaton, Devon. (Approved School for 42 girls aged 10 to 16 years.) Applications are invited for the post of Deputy Headmistress. The person appointed must be willing to undertake Housemistress duties and be able to drive a car or be willing to learn before taking up her appointment. Experience in the supervision of domestic staff is desirable. Salary in accordance with Home Office Scale. Forms of application may be obtained from the General Secretary, National Children's Home & Orphanage, Highbury Park, London, N.5.

ALRESFORD Place, Hants, independent co-educational school for maladjusted children, requires in September three additional staff, viz. third general teacher (either sex); house-mother (work to include sewing); and a woodwork teacher/handyman. Resident posts, but regret no accommodation now for staff children. Write, giving personal details, C.S.A., 36 Carlton Hill, London, N.W.8.

THREE interesting posts offered from August in progressive country home for Maladjusted Children. Applicants should have a non-moral bias and an ability to work with difficult children. (1) Woman for general duties with children. (2) Cook, able to produce simple interesting children's meals. (3) Man for general duties with knowledge of maintenance. Salary, £250 per year less a reasonable amount for res. emol. Apply by letter giving outline of background and ideas to Box 678.

EXECUTIVE of large non-commercial organisation with Commonwealth-U.S. contacts, requires Lady Secretary (over 25) as from September 8, 1953. Speedy, accurate sh./typing essential, but organising experience in some supervisory duties important. Salary on senior scale will be paid suitable applicant. Write full particulars Box 1017.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts. Applications may be accepted up to December 31, 1953, but an earlier closing date may be announced either for the competition as a whole or in one or more subjects. Interviews will generally be held shortly after the receipt of the completed application form. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects: (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences; (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy; (c) Biological Sciences; (d) Engineering Subjects; and (e) Miscellaneous (including e.g. Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age Limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1953; for Assistant Experimental Officers at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1953. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates must have at least one of a number of specified qualifications. Examples are Higher School Certificate, General Certificate of Education, Scottish Leaving Certificate, Scottish Universities Preliminary Examination, Northern Ireland Senior Certificate (all in appropriate subjects and at appropriate levels), Higher National Certificate, University degree. Candidates taking their examinations in 1953 may be admitted. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. In general a higher standard of qualification will be looked for in the older candidates than in the younger ones. Inclusive London salary scales: Experimental Officer £681—£838 (men), £586—£707 (women); Assistant Experimental Officer £274—£607 (men), £274—£511 (women). Starting pay according to age up to 26. At 18, £274; at 26, £495 (men), £467 (women). Somewhat lower in provinces. Further particulars and application forms from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. S94-95/53. Completed application forms should be returned as soon as possible.

CIVIL Service Commission. Assistant Director of Examinations in Russian or Oriental Languages. The Commissioners wish to fill this pensionable post in their London office in October, 1953, or January, 1954. Age 25-30 on October 1, 1953, but well qualified candidates over 30 will be considered. Qualifications: Honours Degree, preferably first class, with good qualifications in Russian, or an Oriental Language. Good University or other teaching experience desirable; examining and interviewing experience taken into account. Knowledge of military terms an advantage. Duties: Critical examination of draft examination papers, control of marking of candidates' work, preparation of syllabuses general maintenance of standards; largely in Interpretership examinations for H.M. Forces. Salary: £440-£1,280 men, £440-£1,125 women, plus at present 8½%. Starting salary up to £970 men, £810 women, according to age and experience. Application forms and full details from Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4235/53. Applic. forms to be returned by August 22.

APPLICATIONS are invited from women with suitable training and experience in youth work for appointment as one of three Clubs Advisers. Applicants must be prepared to travel throughout Scotland. Salary scale, with placing according to experience, and superannuation. Three copies of application, stating age, qualifications and experience, together with copies of three testimonials, should be returned by September 1 to Scottish Association of Girls' Clubs, 13 Eglinton Crescent, Edinburgh, 12.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required immediately. Must hold approved Mental Health Certificate. Salary £470 (at age 27) rising to £560 per annum, plus London Weighting. Write, giving details of age, experience, qualifications and names of three referees, to Physician Superintendent, St. Bernard's Hospital for Nervous and Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex. Closing date 14 days after appearance of this advert.

NATIONAL Association for Mental Health requires Housemother and Housemaster for small Home for difficult children aged 7-11 at Seer Green, Nr. Beaconsfield. Preferably with Child Care training or Social Science Certificate. Salaries between £200-£300 according to experience, plus residence. Apply within 14 days giving age, experience and two referees: Ponds Secretary, National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne Street, W.1.

RESIDENTIAL Social Service Centre requires member of staff to cook and take charge of domestic arrangements for 8-10 persons. Salary £170 to £220 p.a. and residence. Apply to Family Service Unit, 56 Grove St., Liverpool.

SEPT.: Housemistress required (resident). Take over boarding group. Co-educational Day School, Hampstead, London. Possible transfer to future country branch. Possibility of partnership considered. Box 1031.

GRADUATE Master (single) required for general subjects and games. Small co-educational school. Box 718.

INTERNATIONAL organisation reqs. Administrative Secretary. Person able take responsibility. £390 annum. Applic. form & detls: AFCC, 60 Marlborough Place, N.W.8.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PERSONNEL Officer required to fill a senior position in a large electrical engineering company in the south of London. Responsibilities will include all aspects of personnel management concerned with all grades of male personnel. The candidate selected will take a full share in consultation and negotiation and take an active part in the formation and execution of Company personnel policy. Knowledge of personnel techniques and jargon, whilst not necessarily a handicap, is not as essential as is a sense of purpose and a practical awareness of the social significance of a Personnel Department's job. Econ. or Arts graduate with at least two years' experience preferred. Apply in writing (no testimonials) to The Plant Personnel Officer, Mitcham Works, Ltd., New Road, Mitcham Junction, Surrey.

PART-time Tutor in English for foreign students required Denmark Hill, S.E.5, area. Box 1049.

MATRON and Assistant required, with knowledge of nature cure methods; small co-educational school. Box 719.

WANTED, young trained woman as resident Assistant Secretary at the Caldecott Community. School experience desirable but not essential. Apply Miss Rendel, Caldecott Community, Ashford, Kent.

SMALL Factory (N. London) has vacancy for girl under 17 for training Personnel Department. Splendid opportunity for intelligent girl wishing to make this her career. Good salary and hours, 5-day week. Sports Club. Box 1044.

SHORTHAND-typists. Copy typists. Attractive full-time temporary work (hrs. 10-5); or part-time by hour, day, wk. High rates of pay. Josephine Hall & Partners, 501 Grand Bldgs. Trafalgar Sq. W.C.2. WHI. 5362/6412.

PART-time office secretary wanted for work in connection with art education. September 1. Equivalent 3 days per week. Salary £200 or accdg. to experience. Box 888.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

BUSINESSWOMAN, Doctor's wife, requires intelligent Nannie to take full charge of first baby, 1 month old, in modern flat. 'Phone CUNningham 9201.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

LADY, 36, executive, educated, highly intelligent trained secretary, reliable, high standard, seeks post S. America, Spain or elsewhere abroad. First-class refs. Box 932.

ABLE intelligent young graduate, 29, (B.Com.Hons.) seeks administrative or research position where personality and integrity are required, in London area. Small or medium-size firm pref'd. Disability through polio prevents widespread travel in the office, but compensates in concentration. Box 969.

INTERESTING temp./perm. posn. sought by woman Physics grad., 25. London pref. but anythg. consid. Mus. 2547. Box 1042.

ADAPTABLE Secretary seeks work in Hampstead area, preferably for individual, where intelligence, responsibility and human interest would be appreciated. Wide experience. Good testimonials. Box 996.

GRAD. teacher (classics), 36, fluent French, wants part/full-time job London. Anything considered. Box 1028.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC 1765/MOU. 1701.

MAN, 42, shs. congenial sitn. with single accomm. School, estate, etc. Highly skilled building maintenance. Youth worker. Langs. Excel. refs. Suggestions. Box 999.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

LONDON. Professional people seeking a really well-furn. service room with breakfast & dinner, close to West End, are invited to call at Park House, 143 Holland Park Ave., W.11. PARk 6280.

ASHLEY Court, 7 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY. 4253. Lux. serv. rooms, bed, breakfast, dinner optional. Moderate.

LONDON, York House, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. Bed & breakfast. 15s. daily.

A BRIGHT hotel (close Marble Arch), White Park, 9, Lancaster Gate, W.2 (Pad. 8406); c.h.w., phones, restaurant, porters, from 17s. 6d. daily, and breakfast.

TO let, single & double divan-bedsitting rooms, with partial board. Terms mod. 'Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6d./15s. 6d. B. & B., wkly. terms urgd.

CHARMING furn. accom., 2 sharing. Cooking facilities. Service, etc. £2 7s. 6d wk. each. Box 1018.

UPPER Clapton. Jewish widow wishes to let at very moderate rental furnished bedroom, use of bath. Possibility of part service. 'Phone, garden, study facilities and home comforts for lady prepared respect Jewish orthodox susceptibilities. STA. 115.

TWO young ladies require third to share pleasant flat in Highgate. Box 945.

EALING Common area: well-furn. flat, kit.-dining room, lounge, bedroom, use bath, phone, garden. 3½gns. Box 1006.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

HAMPSTEAD Garden Suburb; young couple offered two furnished rooms, full run good kitchen, etc., 'phone, in single man's flat (writer); 25gns. Box 1000.

ENGLISH girl, 23, offers share of delightful St. John's Wood flat to French girl. References required. £2 12s. 6d. a week. Available Sept. 1. Box 981.

FINCHLEY, N.3. Furn. s/c flat to let: lounge, double bedroom (2 beds), kitchen (Ascot), bathroom (geyser), own tel., share garden. Box 953.

3RD floor flat at Kensington High Street, 7gns. week, two bed-sitting rooms, dining-room-kitchenette, bathroom, self-contained. Suitable for young people. 'Phone Monday-Friday, 9 a.m.-6 p.m. WEStern 2211.

LGE. double divan sitt.-rm., c.h.w., use of kit., etc., suit bus. couple or students sharing. 3gns. CUN. 9731 mornings only.

LARGE furn. bed-sitt. room for professional lady, North Kensington. Gas chg. facils., linen, elec., £2 per week incl. Box 988.

2 Adjoin. cheerf. divan rooms. Mod. cons.; working-class distr.; suit 2 yng. ladies. Moderate rent. LAD. 3495 after 7 p.m.

NEWLY furn. 2-room balcony flat, h. & c. Min. W. Finchley Tube. Hillside 4861.

15 Belsize Park. Elegant 2-divan service room; hot water, kit. PRI. 4139.

KENSINGTON. To let in lady's private house, furn. suite, comprising bedroom, sitt. rm., K. & B. 5½gns. Refs. Box 943.

LONDON: Pleasant, well-furn. bed-sit. in riverside flat, easy access City and West End, 3gns. p.w., incl. light brkfst. Box 1045.

SINGLE, double newly furn. divan room, h. & c. Minute West Finchley Tube. Suit business gent/student. (HIL. 4861.)

ARTISTS' furn. flat to let Aug. 17-Sept. 6. 2 rms., kit., bath. Sleep 2, all linen, etc. 20 m.n. Piccadilly. 3½gns. p.w. Box 1051.

FLAT to let furn., Highgate Village, for 2/3 persons, 5½gns. Box 1041.

CHARMING Cornish Cottage to let Furnished. Bedroom, livingroom, kitchenette, large livingroom/studio, electric. Garage. Garden. Midway Penzance-St. Ives, bus route. Near Inn. 4gns. Or with land including superb views from own hill of sea both sides England, 30 acres, three loose-boxes; 7gns. Hunting, fishing, rough shooting. Long lease desired. Apply Berlin, Cripplesease, Penzance.

SWANAGE. To let, Oct.-March, 4gns. p.w. Recent coastguard cottage. All services, well furnished, 2 double, 1 single bedrooms, h. & c. Downstairs bath & w.c. Lounge, dining room, kit. 6-8 mins. shops, stn. Milholland, 6 Highbury Rd., S.W.19.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. Tem. 3334. 7 (ex. Mon.), Sat. & Sun. 5 & 8. "Tubbs and the Angel." Mems.

UNITY. (EUS. 5891. Cobley's farcical Comedy, "Not." Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Mems. 2s. 6d. p.a.

LONDON'S Only Late-Night Theatre. The Irving, Leicester Square. (WHI. 8657.) Every night at 10.30 (Sun. 9.30). "Talk of the Night," a saucy satirical, intimate Revue. Also at 7.30 (Sunday 6.30). "Caribbean Cruise," an American Musical Revue. Licensed till midnight. Annual membership 5s. Overseas visitors welcomed.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Aug. 2: "Isle of Sinners" (A). From Aug. 3: "Whisky Galore" (A). From Aug. 6: "The Chiltern Hundreds" (U).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., Aug. 2nd, 7.40. "Chance of a Lifetime" (U).

ASIAN Film Society, formed to promote cultural understanding of and with the people of Asia through the medium of films. Next presentation, Chinese social film "Sons and Daughters" (English sub-titles) on Friday, August 7, at 7.30 p.m. at the Royal Empire Society, Northumberland Avenue, near Trafalgar Square, for members and their guests only. Also an introductory talk by Basil Davidson on his recent visit to China. Apply for membership (5s. per year) and tickets 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. to A.F.S., c/o Racial Unity, 33, Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1.

WEST African Students' Union. Tropic Night Dance. Bank Holiday, Monday, Aug. 3. Chelsea Town Hall, 7.30-12. Bands Ambrose Campbell & Ron Somers. Tkts. 6s.

CONCERTS

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly (Suns. excepted) at 7.30, until Sat., Sept. 19. Tkts. 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 7,000 Promenade (with seating for 440), 2s. 6d., available nightly at doors only.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Rd., E.2. Two recitals, "Old Music with Old Instruments." Cecily Arnold and Marshall Johnson. Thursdays at 6.30 p.m., August 6 and August 13. Admission 1s. at the door.

EXHIBITIONS

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GALERIE Apollinaire, 3 Litchfield St., W.C.2 (off Char. X Rd. opp. St. Martin's Theatre). Monotype Paintings by Hazel Turnbull. Aug. 4-29. Daily 11-7 except Sun.

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FLOWER Books from the Society of Herbalists. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Aug. 29. Mons.-Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues & Thurs. 10-8. Open Bank Holiday Mon. Admission free.

THE Iveagh Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of Original Drawings by Robert and James Adam. Admission free. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2.30-6. 210 'bus from Archway or Golders Green Station.

GAINSBOROUGH: Open till August 4. Graham Sutherland: Open till August 9. Arts Council Exhibns. Tate Gallery. Mon., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues., Wed., Thurs., 10-9, Sun. 2-6. Adm. 1s. to each exhibition.

ROYAL College of Art Coronation Year Exhibition, Victoria & Albert Museum, S.W.7. July 11-August 9, inc. 10-6 weekdays and Saturdays; 2.30-6 Sundays. Adm. Free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Mary Cassatt (1845-1927). 25 paintings and pastels. First London Exhibition. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Names to Remember.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. Eleven British Painters. Recent Work. Closing August 1. Daily 11-6.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Space in Colour: Paintings selected by Patrick Heron. Until August 7.

TWELVE Australian Artists. Arts Council Exhibition. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Open till Aug. 22. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6. Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Open Bank Hol. Mon. Adm. 1s.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq. Australian Paintings by James Cant, and 30 Water Colours by Barbara Lee. Daily 11-6, Sats. included.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Collectors' Choice.

IRVING Galleries, Irving St., Leicester Sq. Exhibition of Oil Paintings by young Contemporaries. From Aug. 4-Aug. 29.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Closed for Sunday morning meetings. Re-opening Sunday, September 13. Chamber Music Concerts reconstructed October 4.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. August 3 at 6 p.m. Miss F. J. Josephy: "The Wandering Federalist."

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association. The Rosenberg Case. An analysis of the Legal and Factual Issues by two British lawyers, based on a study of the transcript of the trial. Speakers: David Lessman and Aubrey Rose. Wed., Aug. 5, 8 p.m., at Caxton Hall (3 mins. St. James's Pk. Stn.). Visitors 2s.

ARMISTICE What Comes Next? Sir John Pratt, George Pollard, ex-Korean P.o.W., Jack Dribbon, W. J. Ellerby. Thurs., Aug. 6, 7.30. Friends' House, Euston Rd. Britain-China Friendship Assocn.

THEOSOPHY., Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m., August 2: "Occultism—White and Black." All welcome. Nat. collection. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Leinster Terrace bus stop. Bayswater Rd., Paddington, or Lancaster Gate Stn., nr. Devonshire Terrace, Craven Rd.

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PROGRESSIVE League Conference, Ferndeen, Haslemere, Sy. Aug. 30-Sept. 6. Spkrs.: Ashley Bramall: A Progressive's Political Philosophy. Dr. C. O. Carter: Eugenics. M. M. Simmons: Delinquency. L. L. White: The Next Development in Man. Jeannie Cannon: Painting. Claire Cassady: Movement. George D. Painter: Modern Poetry. H. Harper Smith: Films. Amabel Williams-Ellis: The Art of Being a Parent. Joseph Locke: Teaching Current Affairs in Schools. Edward Moeran: Progress is Indivisible. Recreations: Painting, Movement, Swimming, Sun-bathing, Tennis, Ballroom and Country Dancing, Music, Poetry, Play-reading, Rambles. Lovely country and grounds. Good food. Fees: 5½ gns. Apply: Joan Miller, 2 Field Lane, Letchworth.

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